

From the Saturday Review.  
EXTINCT CONTROVERSIES.

FEW things are more interesting, and scarcely any are more instructive, than a review of some of the more celebrated controversies which have expired in consequence of the advance of knowledge. Like extinct volcanoes of the physical world, they tell us of forces long spent, as well as of their sweep and potency while they were in action. We are admitted while studying them to glimpses of modes of thought and feeling of which hardly a trace now remains, the new moral and intellectual strata completely overlying and hiding them from our view. Accustomed in our text-books to see the results and discoveries of ages rapidly recapitulated in a few smooth chapters, it is only by occasional excursions into old controversies that we can get a notion of the extreme slowness with which these results and discoveries were arrived at—that we can see what a troublesome, unbefriended thing truth generally is on its first appearance in the world, how unnecessary it is felt to be, and how objectionable, not to say odious, those inquiring spirits are who insist upon introducing more than exists already. In fact, we come upon opinion in the making, and can see the striking contrasts between the various stages of the same doctrine as it moved towards completeness. Or again, if we are so inclined, we may obtain abundant matter for cheap exultation by comparing our own enlightenment with the “besotted ignorance” of our forefathers. We may point to the “marvellous discoveries” which they at first rejected, we may dwell on the vast and still-growing capabilities for good which these discoveries have placed in our hands, and we may triumphantly infer that our ancestors were not only a most degraded and narrow-minded set of persons, but also—seeing that they rejected these useful novelties—a most hard-hearted and indeed brutal folk withal, our descent from whom it is a positive condescension to admit. This is certainly not the spirit in which we would recommend any one to study the monuments of old controversies. Just as they will afford unlimited gratification to modern conceit, if that be the object sought for, so they will deepen the humility of the genuine

truth-seeker, and widen the view of the most patient philosopher. In a word, they have a very pregnant moral in them, and one not very difficult to seize if we look for it carefully.

And when we speak of extinct controversies, we do not refer to such obsolete disputes as, for instance, the celebrated discussion of the genuineness of the Epistles of Phalaris between Boyle and Bentley. Such a controversy may be memorable, as Hallam says, for having been the first great literary war that has been waged in England. But, in this instance, the interest is purely literary and antiquarian, and springs from the spectacle of a number of sprightly dunces on one side attacking, amid loud applause, a consummate scholar on the other who was as sharp and as witty as any of them. No fertile principle was involved, no novel and fruitful truth was at stake which places the quarrel on the great highway of human progress, and makes us feel its importance now. We have in view those memorable discussions which, whether in science or politics or morals, are manifest links in the mental history of the race, and could not have been spared if the chain was to reach down to the point at which we see it—discussions at the same time which have become so entirely obsolete, in which the victory has been so complete on one side, that we are sometimes in danger of forgetting that there was ever a battle.

When we open an old work on some subject of extinct controversy, one of the first things that strike us is that we can rarely or never entirely agree with it, on whichever side it may be. The author may have been one of the champions of what we now consider the right cause; we may have the strongest sympathy with his general drift; we may see quite plainly that he had got hold of a corner of the truth, and that his opponents are predestined to utter defeat; yet for all that, when we come to examine his arguments, to see the nonsense he takes for undoubted truth, and the futile replies which he makes to objections more futile still, we find it impossible to agree with half he says. Very often we may find him passing entirely over, or else very hastily dwelling on, the strong points of his case, while he

employs pages and exerts all his powers to demolish some absurd system which he imagines to stand in his way, though to us it seems marvellous how it could detain him for a moment. Then we find him posed and brought to a painful standstill by an objection which to us is no objection at all, which we can see to be either irrelevant or not founded in fact, and not worth attending to. But it is evidently a very grave and disagreeable business to our author, who nevertheless does not deny or scorn it, but proves by a long chain of reasoning, the force of which is hard to see, that it can be reconciled with his theory, though it is clear that, if the objection were valid instead of being futile, it is downright fatal to it. And even when he gets fairly on the right track, and is combating for a principle of undoubted truth, his reasoning has often a strange obsolescence about it. He is satisfied with arguments which we feel glad are not the only ones; he draws analogies which will not bear inspection; in a word, as was to be expected, he had in view his own contemporaries and special opponents for whom he wrote, and not for us.

And this decay in the force of argument and proof is met with in quarters where, on first thoughts, we should be least disposed to expect it—such as in purely scientific treatises; and it is perhaps as striking in these as in any concerned with morals, politics, or religion. To support this assertion there is no need to have recourse to the preposterous fancies which have often, in the earlier periods of scientific investigation, misled the minds of really great men—as, for instance, the marvellous notions which occupied the great intellect of Kepler, one of the best known of which was that the earth is an animal, that it perceives and dreads the approach of comets, and positively sweats with fear. Leaving such hallucinations, which might fairly be set down to individual peculiarity, and confining ourselves to the broad field of controversy, as it appeared, for instance, during the great battle between the followers of Copernicus and of Ptolemy, we shall find plenty to support the above view. Among the objections which were made to the Copernican theory, this was one—"that the planet Venus in the course of her revolution did not display the same succession of phases which the moon did in the course of a month. The author of that theory"—we quote from Dr. Whewell—"had endeavoured to account for this by supposing that the rays of the sun passed freely through the body of the planet." Now this is just the sort of untenable reasoning on both sides to which we have called

attention. The anti-Copernicans argued:—If Venus travelled round the sun, why does she not manifest a series of phases varying from the thinnest crescent up to a full moon? As these phases are not to be seen, it is clear she does not travel round the sun.—Q. E. D. And Copernicus and his immediate followers were fairly posed till Galileo's telescope revealed the very phases which had been denied because imperceptible to the naked eye. Again, it was argued that the earth could not revolve on its axis, inasmuch as a stone dropped from a high tower falls at the foot of the tower, whereas, if the earth revolved as rapidly as was contended, the stone must be left behind to the west of the place from which it fell, just as a heavy body let fall from the masthead of a ship in motion falls, not at the foot of the mast, but towards the stern of the vessel. This argument was the source of great trouble to the Copernicans. They even admitted the fallacious analogy, or rather the complete misstatement, of things dropping from the masthead "towards the stern" of a moving ship; and a considerable time elapsed before any one even thought of making the experiment, and finding where they did drop, which, as everybody now knows, is at the foot of the mast in the one case, as it is at the base of the tower in the other. This is quite a model of the specious but worthless objections which are sure, sooner or later, to be brought against new discoveries. If the Copernicans had had the grasp of their case which they afterwards acquired, of course such an objection would not have detained them for a moment. But no men, whatever their genius, or whatever the excellence of their cause, can realize and present its strong points all at once.

Passing into another order of ideas, let us take Locke and his defence of civil government against the advocates of passive obedience. There are few philosophers of the seventeenth century whose methods of observation and reasoning are still so fresh and modern as Locke's. Yet it is hardly too much to say that one-half of his celebrated treatise on Government is now effectually obsolete. No less than fifty-six folio pages out of one hundred and twenty-five are taken up with the demolition of Sir Robert Filmer's ludicrously absurd theory, that all mankind are born slaves by reason of the sovereignty given by God to Adam. It is impossible to exceed the minuteness and tediousness with which he combats this view step by step. The titles of the chapters are enough to show this:—Chapter 3, "Of Adam's Title to Sovereignty by Creation;"

Chapter 4, "Of Adam's Title to Sovereignty by Donation"—Genesis, i. 28; Chapter 5, "Of Adam's Title to Sovereignty by the Subjection of Eve;" Chapter 6, "Of Adam's Title to Sovereignty by Fatherhood," &c. The obsolescence of a controversy was never more vividly manifest. Some have hinted that Locke rather wasted his time in refuting such nonsense, but this is to show a want of the historic spirit which never fails to recognize the successive aspects under which truth and error may appear at different epochs. Not to say that Locke had a distinct personal stake in the issue of the controversy, and that he was the last man to waste his time in trifling, the vigour and pungency of his dialectics are as brilliant in this treatise as in any of his works, and it is clear enough that he considered this portion of the dispute as serious and important one. Some of his arguments are most amusingly pointed and racy, and positively explode poor Filmer into space. As, for instance, "And if God made all mankind slaves to Adam and his heirs by giving Adam dominion over every living thing that moveth on the earth (Gen. i. 28), as our author would have it, methinks Sir Robert should have carried his monarchical power one step higher, and satisfied the world that princes might eat their subjects too, since God gave as full power to Noah and his heirs (Gen. ix. 2) to eat every living thing that moveth, as he did to Adam to have dominion over them, the Hebrew words in both places being the same." In fact, Locke, in his defence of liberty, would scarcely appear less antiquated beside his greatest English successor, Mr. Mill, than would Sir Robert Filmer beside his modern representatives in the advocacy of absolutist opinions—namely, Mr. Carlyle and De Maistre.

There are two ways of looking at an old controversy. There is the narrow vulgar way which patronizes or despises all the past, and indignantly scorns the people who in former times were not violent partisans of the last new-fangled views; and there is the less easy and obvious but more philosophic way which allows for differences of mental stand-point, and strives to appreciate the difficulties with which both innovators and their opponents had to contend. The temptation to regard the former opponents of a now clearly-established truth as either very stupid or very unconscientious is often great. As Dr. Whewell says—"We have a latent persuasion that we in their place should have been wiser and more clear-sighted; that we should have taken the right side, and given an assent at once to the

truth. Yet in reality such a persuasion is a mere delusion." Nothing, we imagine, is more likely to dispel such delusions than an occasional study of the details of some great controversy. Opposition to a new discovery will generally be found to take place somewhat in this way. A vigorous and observing mind is struck by a fact or series of facts, and in process of time educes from them a new generalization which is presented as a newly-discovered law of nature. Opponents start up, and argue, and protest, and it will generally be found that they are not resisting from mere mental inertia and stupidity, which cannot admit or grasp a new conception, but that they are battling for some other larger and older theory which the new-comer is supposed to impugn. They appear as champions of old-established truth against upstart novelty. Perhaps the old theory, hitherto received as a canon of thought, is not denied even by the innovator, yet his innovation is clearly fatal to it. Vehement efforts at compromise and reconciliation are made. The discoverer protests that he has no wish to unsettle the important principle with which his new views are supposed to clash. His opponents make light of his wishes, and point triumphantly to the revolutionary tendency of his doctrines. And so the contest goes on. The advocates of the old system are at least as conscious of integrity and love of truth as their opponents. All their intellectual furniture and apparatus resent and resist the introduction of the intruder who threatens to bring confusion and ruin among views in which their minds and characters have been formed; and if, as it has often happened, they have been accustomed to consider the views thus endangered as of transcendent importance, not only to the present, but to the future and eternal welfare of humanity, their anxiety and difficulty can well be understood, if not completely excused. It was in this way that most of the discoveries of the great mathematicians who preceded Newton were met by their supposed antagonism to the doctrine of the Church or the letter of Scripture. Neither Copernicus nor Galileo believed one whit more in his geometry and mechanics than did the zealous Churchmen who withstood them believe in the supremacy and all-sufficiency of Holy Writ. If geometry appeared to say one thing and Scripture another, they had no doubt which was in the wrong. To suppose that ordinary men, at the bidding of a problem or calculation, would, so to speak, empty their minds of all previous opinions and beliefs, can only arise from an imperfect and one-sided view

of human nature. Of course, in process of time, the new discovery, if it were really one, and founded on fact, acquired such clearness and evidence that it was impossible for any rational being to deny it, follow what would. What generally followed was a quiet and unobtrusive modification of the old theory in whose behalf the battle had been fought. To what an extent this occurred in the instance which we have just cited will be at once recollected by our readers.

But while it behooves us to hold the balance fairly, and to avoid injustice even to men who have been dead and gone ages ago, simply for our own sakes, it is nevertheless to be remembered that resistance to truth is no light thing, even if it be made on the highest and most conscientious grounds. The old battle-fields on which, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the strife

was so hot and animated, are now quietly tilled by peaceful workers, undisturbed by hostile inroads. Astronomy, mechanics, chemistry, and almost geology itself, preserve the even tenor of their way unmolested by controversy, except by such as arise in their own private dominions, and among their own most loyal subjects. These are mere family quarrels which soon pass off, and are followed by greater harmony and prosperity than ever. But the contemporaries of Darwin and Huxley, of Mill and Comte, need not be told that the old wars have broken out in new places, and that discussions are now pending which will one day rank among the most important of philosophical *causes célèbres*. By both of the contending parties we think that a useful moral might be drawn from the facts and precedents to be met with in numerous, and all but forgotten, extinct controversies.

**DISCOVERY OF THE REMAINS OF DANTE.** — The Florence correspondent of the *Daily News*, writing on May 29, says: "The discovery of Dante's remains, communicated yesterday morning from Ravenna by telegram to the Ministry of Public Instruction here in Florence, has been the theme of general conversation. From some friends who were at Ravenna at the moment of the discovery I have this day learned the particulars, which are as follows: Whilst some workmen were employed in clearing the chapel which contains Dante's monument from the outbuildings surrounding it, a peculiar noise in striking the outer wall suggested to them that some hollow might be found within. Accordingly, on using some violence on that portion of the wall where the hollow sound was produced, a wooden coffin was discovered, from which several bones fell out in the confusion of the first discovery. On a scroll within the coffin was found written, 'Dantis ossa me Frate Antonio Santi hic posita 1677, die 18 Octobris;' and inside the lid of the coffin the following inscription was placed: 'Dantis ossa denuper revisa 3 Junii 1677.' The coffin had been stowed away with its precious deposit within this mural sepulchre at that date, and had remained there till now. The Italian Deputy Monzani, Colonel Malenchini, and Atto Vannucci, were in 'Dante's Chapel' at the moment of the interesting discovery. The Prefect and Mayor of Ravenna were forthwith called to the spot. The skeleton head and bones of Dante were examined carefully in their presence. Save a fragment of the cranium, the whole of

the lower jaw, and three joints of the right hand, which were missing, all the bones were found to be intact. The head was moderately large, broad at the temples, whilst the base of the skull bears token of an equally large development. The archives of the Franciscan Convent of Ravenna were forthwith searched by the party; and amongst the *atti* of the Franciscan Brethren, at the date indicated by the inscription on the date of Dante's coffin, were found the various acts relating to the subject; all were signed by the same Frate Santi, whose name is on the scroll, and who styles himself, moreover, 'Cancelliere' of the convent. Dante's Chapel is known to have been under the charge of the Franciscans. It would seem that when a certain Cardinal Corsi wished to embellish the chapel of Dante two centuries since, the friars, possibly suspecting mischief, refused, at first most strenuously, to grant his request. By dint of perseverance, however, the Cardinal obtained his aim in 1692. But before he could get possession of the relics (as we see by the date) the brethren had safely stowed away the remains of the poet within the mural sepulchre where they were now found, having secretly removed them from their former position in the monument in the chapel which takes its name from the poet. Dante's coffin has now been placed within a strong box, or outer coffin, to which the four seals of the commune have been affixed. The whole of this curious transaction has been noted down in the State archives, with the names of the municipal authorities and gentlemen who were present."

## PART V. — CHAPTER XVII.

THE arrival of Mr. Archdeacon Beverley in Carlingford was, for many reasons, an event of importance to the town, and especially to society, which was concerned in anything that drew new and pleasant people to Grange Lane. For one thing, it occurred just at the time when that first proposal of elevating Carlingford into a bishopric, in order to relieve the present bishop of the district of a part of his immense diocese, had just been mooted; and supposing this conception to be ever carried out, nobody could have been more eligible as first bishop than the Archdeacon, who was in the prime of life, and a very successful clergyman. And then, not to speak of anything so important, his presence was a great attraction to the country clergy, especially as he had come to hold a visitation. Besides that, there were private reasons why some of the families in Grange Lane should be moved by the arrival of the Archdeacon. Notwithstanding all this, it is impossible to deny that Mrs. Chiley, his hostess, and even Miss Marjoribanks herself, regarded the manner of his first appearance with a certain displeasure. If he had only had the good sense to stay at home, and not come to seek his entertainers! To be sure it is awkward to arrive at a house and find that everybody is out; but still, as Mrs. Chiley justly observed, the Archdeacon was not a baby, and he might have known better. "Coming to you the very first night, and almost in his travelling things, to take the cream off everything," the old lady said, with tears of vexation in her eyes; "and after that, what have we to show him in Carlingford, Lucilla?" As for Miss Marjoribanks, she was annoyed, but she knew the wealth of her own resources, and she was not in despair, like her old friend. "They never know any better," she said, sympathetically. "Dear Mrs. Chiley, there was nothing else to be expected; but, at the same time, I don't think things are so very bad," said Lucilla; for she had naturally a confidence in herself of which even Mrs. Chiley's admiring faith fell short. The Archdeacon himself took it quite cheerfully, as if it was the most natural thing in the world. "I have no doubt it was a very pleasant party, if one could have got the key-note," he said, in his Broad-Church way, as if there was nothing more to be said on the subject, and Lucilla's Thursday was the merest ordinary assembly. For there could be no doubt that he was Broad-Church, even though his antecedents had not proclaimed the fact. He

had a way of talking on many subjects which alarmed his hostess. It was not that there was anything objectionable in what he said — for, to be sure, a clergyman and an archdeacon may say a great many things that ordinary people would not like to venture on, — but still it was impossible to tell what it might lead to; for it is not everybody who knows when to stop, as Mr. Beverley in his position might be expected to do. It was the custom of good society in Carlingford to give a respectful assent, for example, to Mr. Bury's extreme Low-Churchism — as if it were profane, as it certainly was not respectable, to differ from the Rector — and to give him as wide a field as possible for his missionary operations by keeping out of the way. But Mr. Beverley had not the least regard for respectability, nor for that respect for religion which consists in keeping as clear of it as possible; and the way in which he spoke of Mr. Bury's views wounded some people's feelings. Altogether, he was, as Mrs. Chiley said, an anxious person to have in the house; for he just as often agreed with the gentlemen in their loose ways of thinking, as with the more correct opinions by which the wives and mothers who had charge of their morality strove hard to keep them in the right way; and that was the reverse of what one naturally expected from a clergyman. He was very nice, and had a nice position; and, under all the circumstances, it was not only a duty to pay attention to him, but a duty from which results of a most agreeable character might spring; but still, though she could not be otherwise than kind, it would be impossible to say that it was out of personal predilection that Mrs. Chiley devoted herself to her guest. She admitted frankly that he was not like what clergymen were in her time. For one thing, he seemed to think that every silly boy and girl ought to have an opinion and be consulted, as if they had anything to do with it — which was just the way to turn their heads, and make them utterly insupportable. On the whole, perhaps, the old lady was more charitable to Mary Chiley, and understood better how it was that she, brought up in sound Church principles, did not get on so well as might be desired with her husband's family, after a week of the Archdeacon. And yet he was a delightful person, and full of information, as everybody admitted; and, to be sure, if Carlingford should be erected into a bishopric, as would be only right — and if Mr. Beverley should happen to be appointed bishop, as was highly probable — then it would be a pleasure to think that

one had been kind to him. At the same time, it must be admitted that he showed a great want of tact in coming to Miss Marjoribanks's Thursday, and thus brushing, as it were, the very cream off his introduction to Grange Lane. And Mrs. Chiley still sighed a little over Mr. Cavendish, and thought within herself that it was not his fault, but that designing, artful creature, who was enough to lead any man wrong. For it was very clear to the meanest capacity that nobody could ever call the Archdeacon "my dear," as, with all his faults, it had been possible to call Mr. Cavendish. And by this line of thought Mrs. Chiley was led to regret Mr. Cavendish, and to wonder what had become of him, and what family affairs it could be that had taken him so suddenly away.

A great many people in Carlingford were at that moment occupied by the same wonders and regrets. Some people thought he was frightened to find how far he had gone with *that* Miss Lake, and had left town for a little to be out of the way; and some thought he must have been speculating, and have lost money. To tell the truth, it was very strange that he should have disappeared so suddenly, — just at the moment, too, when old Mr. Chiltern had one of his bad attacks of bronchitis, which Dr. Marjoribanks himself had admitted might carry him off any day. Nothing could be more important to the future interests of young Cavendish than to be on the spot at this critical moment, and yet he had disappeared without telling anybody he was going, or where he was going, which was on the whole a perfectly unexplainable proceeding. His very servants, as had been ascertained by some inquiring mind in the community, were unaware of his intention up to the very last moment; and certainly he had not said good-bye to anybody before leaving Dr. Marjoribanks's garden on that Thursday evening. Mr. Woodburn, who was not a person of very refined perceptions, was the only man who found his disappearance quite natural. "After making such a deuced ass of himself, by George! what could the fellow do?" said his brother-in-law, who naturally enjoyed the discomfiture of so near a connection; and this was no doubt a providential circumstance for Mrs. Woodburn, who was thus saved from the necessity of explaining or accounting for her brother's unexpected disappearance; but it failed to satisfy the general community, who did not think Mr. Cavendish likely to give in at the first blow even of so distinguished an antagonist as Miss Marjoribanks. Some of the more charitable inhabitants of Grange Lane

concluded that it must be the sudden illness of some relative which had called him away; but then, though he was well known to be one of the Cavendishes, neither he nor his sister ever spoke much of their connections; and, on the whole, public opinion fluctuated between the two first suggestions — which seemed truest to nature at least, whether or not they might be fully corroborated by fact — which were, either that Mr. Cavendish had taken fright, as he might very naturally have done, at the advanced state of his relations with Barbara Lake; or that he had speculated, and lost money. In either case his departure would have been natural enough, and need not, perhaps, have been accomplished with quite so much precipitation; but still such a community as that in Grange Lane was in circumstances to comprehend how a young man might take fright and leave home, either because of losing a lot of money, or getting entangled with a drawing-master's daughter. The immediate result, so far as society was concerned, was one for which people did not know whether to be most glad or sorry. Mrs. Woodburn, who kept half the people in Grange Lane in terror of their lives, seemed to have lost all her inspiration now her brother was away. She did not seem to have the heart to take off anybody, which was quite a serious matter for the amusement of the community. To be sure some people were thankful, as supposing themselves exempted from caricature; but then unfortunately, as has been said, the people who were most afraid for Mrs. Woodburn were precisely those who were unworthy of her trouble, and had nothing about them to give occupation to her graphic powers. As for Miss Marjoribanks, who had supplied one of the mimic's most effective studies, she was so much disturbed by the failure of this element of entertainment that her legislative mind instantly bestirred itself to make up for the loss. "I have always thought it so strange that I never had any sense of humour," Lucilla said; "but it would not do, you know, if all the world was like me; and society would be nothing if everybody did not exert themselves to the best of their abilities." There was a mournful intonation in Lucilla's voice as she said this; for, to tell the truth, since Mr. Cavendish's departure she had been dreadfully sensible of the utter absence of any man who could flirt. As for Osmond Brown and the other boys of his age, it might be possible to train them, but at the best they were only a provision for the future, and in the mean time Miss Marjoribanks could not but be sensible of her

loss. She lamented it with such sincerity that all the world thought her the most perfect actress in existence. "I have nothing to say against any of you," Lucilla would say, contemplating with the eye of an artist the young men of Grange Lane who were her raw material. "I dare say you will all fall in love with somebody sooner or later, and be very happy and good for nothing; but you are no assistance in any way to society. It is Mr. Cavendish I am sighing for," said the woman of genius, with the candour of a great mind; and even Mrs. Woodburn was beguiled out of her despondency by a study so unparalleled. All this time, however, Lucilla had not forgotten the last look of her faithless admirer as he faced round upon her when Mr. Archdeacon Beverley came into the room. She too, like everybody else, wondered innocently why Mr. Cavendish had gone away, and when he was coming back again; but she never hinted to any one that the Archdeacon had anything to do with it; for indeed, as she said to herself, she had no positive evidence except that of a look that the Archdeacon *had* anything to do with it. By which it will be seen that Miss Marjoribanks's prudence equalled her other great qualities. It would be wrong to say, however, that her curiosity was not excited, and that in a very lively way; for, to be sure, the vague wonder of the public mind over a strange fact could never be compared in intensity to the surprise and curiosity excited by something one has actually seen, and which gives one, as it were, a share in the secret,—if indeed there was a secret, which was a matter upon which Lucilla within herself had quite made up her mind.

As for the Archdeacon, the place which he took in society was one quite different from that which had been filled by Mr. Cavendish, as, indeed, was natural. He was one of those men who are very strong for the masculine side of Christianity; and when he was with the ladies, he had a sense that he ought to be paid attention to, instead of taking that trouble in his own person. Miss Marjoribanks was not a woman to be blind to the advantages of this situation, but still, as was to be expected, it took her a little time to get used to it, and to make all the use of it which was practicable under the circumstances—which was all the more difficult since she was not in the least "viewy" in her own person, but had been brought up in the old-fashioned orthodox way of having a great respect for religion, and as little to do with it as possible, which was a state of mind largely prevalent in

Carlingford. But that was not in the least Mr. Beverley's way of thinking. It was when Lucilla's mind was much occupied by this problem that she received a visit quite unexpectedly one morning from little Rose Lake, who had just at that time a great deal on her mind. For it may easily be supposed that Mr. Cavendish's sudden departure, which bewildered the general public, who had no special interest in the matter, must have had a still more overwhelming effect upon Barbara Lake, who had just been raised to the very highest pinnacle of hope, closely touching upon reality, when all her expectations collapsed and came to nothing in a moment. She would not believe at first that it could be true; and then, when it was no longer possible to resist the absolute certainty of Mr. Cavendish's departure, her disappointment found vent in every kind of violence—hysterics, and other manifestations of unreason and self-will. Rose had been obliged to leave the Female School of Design upon her papa's over-burdened shoulders, and stay at home to nurse her sister. Perhaps the little artist was not the best person to take care of a sufferer under such circumstances; for she was neither unreasonable nor self-willed to speak of, though perhaps a little opinionative in her way—and could not be brought to think that a whole household should be disturbed and disordered, and a young woman in good health retire to her room, and lose all control of herself, because a young man, with whom she had no acquaintance three months before, had gone out of town unexpectedly. Perhaps it was a want of feeling on the part of the unsympathetic sister. She gave out that Barbara was ill, and kept up a most subdued and anxious countenance down-stairs, for the benefit of the children and the maid-of-all-work, who represented public opinion in Grove Street; but when Rose went into her sister's room, where Barbara kept the blinds down, and had her face swollen with crying, it was with a very stern countenance that her little mentor regarded the invalid. "I do not ask you to have a sense of duty," Rose said, with a certain fine disdain, "but at least you might have a proper pride." This was all she took the trouble to say; but it must be admitted that a great deal more to the same effect might be read in her eyes, which were generally so dewy and soft, but which could flash on occasion. And then as the week drew on towards Thursday, and all her representations proved unavailing to induce Barbara to get up and prepare herself for her usual duties, the scorn and vexation and impatience with

which the dutiful little soul met her sister's sullen determination that "she was not able" to fulfil her ordinary engagements, roused Rose up to a great resolution. For her own part she was one of the people who do not understand giving in. "What do you mean by lying there?" she said, pounding Barbara down small and cutting her to pieces with infallible good-sense and logic; "will that do any good? You would try to look better than usual, and sing better than usual, if you had any proper pride. I did not fall ill when my flounce was passed over at the exhibition. I made up my mind that very evening about the combination for my veil. I would die rather than give in if I were you."

"Your flounce!" sobbed Barbara—"oh you unfeeling insensible thing!—as if your h-heart had anything to do with—that. I only went to spite Lucilla—and I won't go—no more—oh, no more—now he's been and deserted me. You can't understand my feelings—g-go away and leave me alone."

"Barbara," said Rose, with solemnity, "I would forgive you if you would not be mean. I don't understand it in one of us. If Mr. Cavendish has gone away, it shows that he does not care for you; and you would scorn him, and scorn to show you were thinking of him, if you had any proper pride."

But all the answer Barbara gave was to turn away with a jerk of annoyance the old easy-chair in which she was lying buried, with her hands thrust up into her black hair, and her eyes all red; upon which Rose left her to carry out her own resolution. She was prompt in all her movements, and she wasted no time on reconsideration. She went down into Grange Lane, her little head erect, and her bright eyes regarding the world with that air of frank recognition and acknowledgment which Rose felt she owed as an artist to her fellow-creatures. They were all good subjects more or less, and the consciousness that she could draw them and immortalize them gave her the same sense of confidence in their friendliness, and her own perfect command of the situation, as a young princess might have felt whose rank protected her like an invisible buckler. Rose, too, walked erect and open-eyed, in the confidence of her rank, which made her everybody's equal. It was in this frame of mind that she arrived at Dr. Marjoribanks's house, and found Lucilla, who was very glad to see her. Miss Marjoribanks was pondering deeply on the Archdeacon at that moment,

and her little visitor seemed as one sent by heaven to help her out. For to tell the truth, though Lucilla understood all about Mr. Cavendish and men of his description, and how to manage them, and take full use of their powers, even her commanding intelligence felt the lack of experience in respect to such a case as that of the Archdeacon, who required a different treatment to draw him out. She was thinking it over intently at the moment of Rose's arrival, for Lucilla was not a person to give up the advantages of a novel position because she did not quite understand it. She felt within herself that there was no doubt a great effort might be produced if she could but see how to do it. And it was Thursday morning, and there was no time to lose.

"I came to speak to you about Barbara," said Rose. "She is not fit to come out this morning. I told her it was very ungrateful not to make an effort after you had been so kind; but I am sorry to say she has not a strong sense of duty; and I don't think she would be able to sing or do anything but look stupid. I hope you will not think very badly of her. There are some people who can't help giving in, I suppose," said Rose, with an impatient little sigh.

"And so this is you, you dear little Rose!" said Lucilla, "and I have never seen you before since I came home—and you always were such a pet of mine at Mount Pleasant! I can't think why you never came to see me before; as for me, you know, I never have any time. Poor papa has nobody else to take care of him, and it always was the object of my life to be a comfort to papa."

"Yes," said Rose, who was a straightforward little woman, and not given to compliments. "I have a great deal to do too," she said, "and then all my spare moments I am working at my design. Papa always says that society accepts artists for what they can give, and does not expect them to sacrifice their time," Rose continued, with her little air of dignity. To be sure Miss Marjoribanks knew very well that society was utterly unconscious of the existence of the Lake family; but then there is always something imposing in such a perfectly innocent and superb assumption as that to which the young Preraphaelite had just given utterance; and it began to dawn upon Lucilla that here was another imperfectly understood but effective instrument lying ready to her hand.

"I should like to see your design," said Miss Marjoribanks, graciously. "You made such a pretty little wreath for the corner of

my handkerchief — don't you remember? — all frogs' legs and things. It looked so sweet in the old satin stitch. What is the matter with poor Barbara? I felt sure she would catch cold and lose her voice. I shall tell papa to go and see her. As for to-night it will be a dreadful loss to be sure, for I never could find a voice that went so well with mine. But if you are sure she can't come" —

"When people have not a sense of duty," said Rose, with an indignant sigh, "nor any proper pride, — some are so different. Barbara ought to have been some rich person's daughter, with nothing to do. She would not mind being of no use in the world. It is a kind of temperament I don't understand," continued the little artist. All this, it is true, was novel to Miss Marjoribanks, who had a kind of prejudice in favour of the daughters of rich persons who had nothing to do; but Lucilla's genius was broad and catholic, and did not insist upon comprehending everything, and it was at this moment that a new idea flashed upon her with all the rapidity of an intuition. She gave Rose a sudden scrutinizing look, and measured her mentally against the gap she had to fill. No doubt it was an experiment, and might fail signally; but then Miss Marjoribanks was always at hand to cover deficiencies, and she had that confidence in herself and her good-fortune which is necessary to everybody who greatly dares.

"You must come yourself this evening, you dear old Rose," said Lucilla. "You know I always was fond of you. Oh, yes, I know you can't sing like Barbara. But the Archdeacon is coming, who understands about art; and if you would like to bring your design — My principle has always been, that there should be a little of everything in society," said Miss Marjoribanks. "I dare say you will feel a little strange at first with not knowing the people, but that will soon pass off — and you *must* come."

When she had said this, Lucilla bestowed upon little Rose a friendly schoolfellow kiss, putting her hands upon the little artist's shoulders, and looking her full in the face as she did so. "I am sure you can talk," said Miss Marjoribanks. She did not say "Go away now, and leave me to my arrangements;" but Rose, who was quick-witted, understood that the salute was a dismissal, and she went away accordingly, tingling with pride and excitement and pleasure and a kind of pain. The idea of practically exemplifying, in her own person, the kind of demeanour which society ought to expect from an artist had not occurred to

Rose; but destiny having arranged it so, she was not the woman to withdraw from her responsibilities. She said to herself that it would be shabby for her, who was known to have opinions on this subject, to shrink from carrying them out; and stimulated her courage by recourse to her principles, as people do who feel themselves bound to lay sacrifices on the altar of duty. Notwithstanding this elevated view of the emergency, it must be admitted that a sudden thought of what she would wear had flushed to Rose's very finger-tips, with a heat and tingle of which the little heroine was ashamed. For, to be sure, it was Thursday morning, and there was not a moment to be lost. However, after the first thrill which this idea had given her, Rose bethought herself once more of her principles, and stilled her beating heart. It was not for her to think of what she was to put on, she who had so often proclaimed the exemption of "a family of artists" from the rules which weigh so hard upon the common world. "We have a rank of our own," she said to herself, but with that tremor which always accompanies the transference of a purely theoretical and even fantastic rule of conduct into practical ground — "we are everybody's equal, and we are nobody's equal — and when papa begins to be appreciated as he ought to be, and Willie has made a Name" — This was always the point at which Rose broke off, falling into reverie that could not be expressed in words; but she had no leisure to remark upon the chance "compositions" in the street, or the effects of light and shade, as she went home. A sudden and heavy responsibility had fallen upon her shoulders, and she would have scorned herself had she deserted her post.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

It may be imagined that Rose Lake was not the only person who looked forward with excitement to the evening of this Thursday, which was to be, properly speaking, the Archdeacon's first appearance in Carlingford. To be sure he had dined at the Rectory, and also at Sir John Richmond's, besides that there had been somebody to dinner at Colonel Chiley's table almost every day; but then there were only county people at Sir John's, and Mr. Bury's guests naturally counted for very little in Grange Lane; — indeed, it was confidently reported that the Rector had invited Mr. Tufton of Salem Chapel to meet the Archdeacon, and that, but for the Dissenting

minister having more sense and knowing his place, that unseemly conjunction would have taken place, to the horror of all right-thinking people. So that Dr. Marjoribanks's was in reality the first house where he had any chance of seeing society in Carlingford. It would perhaps be using too strong a word to say that Miss Marjoribanks was anxious about the success of her arrangements for this particular evening; but, at the same time, it must be admitted that the circumstances were such as to justify a little anxiety. Mr. Cavendish was gone, who, to do him justice, was always agreeable, and his departure disturbed the habitual party; and Mrs. Woodburn had lost all her powers, as it seemed, and sat at Dr. Marjoribanks's left hand, looking just like other people, and evidently not to be in the least depended on; and Lucilla was aware that Barbara was not coming, which made, if nothing else, a change in the programme of the evening. No music, nobody to do the flirting, nor to supply the dramatic by-play to which Grange Lane had become accustomed; and a new man to be made use of, and at the same time to be pleased and fascinated, and made the instrument of fascinating others. A young woman of powers inferior to those of Miss Marjoribanks would have sunk under such a weight of responsibility, and there was no doubt that Lucilla was a little excited. She felt that everything depended upon her courage and self-possession. If she but lost her head for a moment and lost command of affairs, everything might have been lost; but then fortunately she knew herself and what she could do, and had a modest confidence that she would not lose her head; and thus she could still eat her dinner with the composure of genius, though it would be wrong to deny that Lucilla was a little pale.

And then, as if all these things had not been enough to discourage the lady of the house, another discordant element was added by the presence of Mr. Bury and his sister, whom it had been necessary to ask to meet the Archdeacon. The Rector, though he was very Low-Church, had no particular objections to a good dinner—but he had a way of sneering at “the flesh,” even while taking all due pains to nourish it, which roused Dr. Marjoribanks's temper. Sometimes the Doctor would launch a shaft of medical wit at his spiritual ruler, which Mr. Bury had no means of parrying. “I have no doubt,” Dr. Marjoribanks would say, “that an indigestion is an admirable way of mortifying the flesh, as our excellent Rec-  
was the suggestion of a

barbarous age; it must have kept those anchorite fellows in an unchristian strength of stomach. And it's far more philosophical to punish the offending body, as Mr. Bury does, by means of made dishes;” and when he had thus disturbed his reverend guest's enjoyment, the Doctor would go on with great relish with his dinner. This, however, was not the only danger to which the peace of the party was exposed. For the Rector, at the same time, regarded Mr. Beverley with a certain critical suspiciousness, such as is seldom to be encountered except among clergymen. He did not know much about his clerical superior, who had only recently been appointed to his archdeaconry; but there was something in his air, his looks and demeanour, which indicated what Mr. Bury considered a loose way of thinking. When the Archdeacon made any remark the Rector would pause and look up from his plate to listen to it, with his fork suspended in the air the while—and then he would exchange glances with his sister, who was on the other side of the table. All this, it may be supposed, was a little discomposing for Lucilla, who had the responsibility of everything, and who could now look for no assistance among the ordinary members of her father's party, who were, as a general rule, much more occupied with the dinner than with anything else that was going on. In this state of affairs Miss Marjoribanks was very glad when the Archdeacon, who occupied the post of honour by her side, made a lively new beginning in the conversation. It had not to call *flagged* before—not precisely flagged—but still there were indications of approaching exhaustion, such as can always be perceived half-a-mile off by anybody who has any experience in society; and when the Archdeacon took up the ball with all the liveliness of a man who is interested in a special question, it will not be difficult to any lady who has ever been in such circumstances to realize to herself Miss Marjoribanks's sense of gratitude and relief.

“By the by,” said Mr. Beverley, “I meant to ask if any one knew a man whom I am sure I caught a glimpse of the first day I was in Carlingford. Perhaps it was in the morning after I arrived, to be precise. I can't recollect exactly. If he lives about here, he ought to be known, for he is a very clever amusing sort of fellow. I don't know if Carlingford is more blessed than other country towns with people of that complexion,” said the Archdeacon, turning to Lucilla with a smile. He was in no hurry, though he was a little curious. The subject was not exciting to him; and

to be sure nothing could be further from his thoughts than that there was anybody at the table who might have turned sick with anxiety and suspense, and felt the pause he made a horrible kind of torture. He paused and turned to Miss Marjoribanks with the smile which is a kind of challenge when it is addressed to a young lady, and meant to lead to a lively little combat by the way. As for Lucilla, she was conscious of an immediate thrill of curiosity, but still it was curiosity unmingled with any excitement, and she had no particular objection to respond.

"Everybody is nice in Carlingford," said Miss Marjoribanks; "some people are always finding fault with their neighbours, but I always get on so well with everybody—I suppose it is my luck," said Lucilla; which, to be sure, was not precisely an answer to the Archdeacon's question. And there was somebody at the table all the time who could have fallen upon her and beaten her for putting off the revelation which trembled on the lips of Mr. Beverley, and yet would have given anything in the world to silence the Archdeacon, and felt capable of rushing at him like a fury and tearing his tongue out, or suffocating him, to stop the next words that he was going to say; and yet the same inconsistent person was furious with Lucilla for postponing this utterance a little: and all the while, so absolute are the restraints of society, everybody at Dr. Marjoribanks's table sat eating their dinner, one precisely like another, as if there had been no such thing as mystery or terror in the world.

"You must not expect me to believe in the perfection of human society," said the Archdeacon, going on in the same strain; "I would much rather pin my faith to the amiable dispositions of one young lady who always finds her neighbours agreeable—and I hope she makes no exception to the rule," said the Broad-Churchman in a parenthesis, with a smile and a bow—and then he raised his voice a little: "The man I speak of is really a very amusing fellow, you know, and very well got up, and calculated to impose upon ordinary observers. It is quite a curious story; he was a son of a trainer or something of that sort about Newmarket. Old Lord Monmouth took an extraordinary fancy to him, and had him constantly about his place—half brought him up indeed, along with his grandson, you know. He always was a handsome fellow, and picked up a little polish; and really, for people not quite used to the real thing, was as nearly like a gentleman"—

"Come, now, I don't put any faith in that," said Mr. Woodburn. "I don't pretend to be much of a one for fine company myself, but I know a gentleman when I see him; a snob always overdoes it, you know"—

"I never said this man was a snob," said the Archdeacon, with a refined expression of disgust at the interruption flitting over his features; "on the contrary, if he had only been honest, he would have been really a very nice fellow"—

"My dear sir," said Mr. Bury, "excuse me for breaking in—perhaps I am old-fashioned, but don't you think it's a pity to treat the question of honesty so lightly? A dishonest person has a precious soul to be saved, and may be a most deeply interesting character; but to speak of him as a very nice fellow, is—pardon me—I think it's a pity; especially in mixed society, where it is so important for a clergyman to be guarded in his expressions," said the Rector. When Mr. Bury began to speak, everybody else at table ceased talking, and gave serious attention to what was going on, for the prospect of a passage of arms between the two clergymen was an opportunity too captivating to be lost.

"I hope Mr. Bury's dishonest friends will pardon me," said the Archdeacon; "I mean no harm to their superior claims. Does anybody know the man here, I wonder?—his name Kavan, I think, or something like that—an Irish name. I assure you he was a very good-looking fellow—dark, good features, nearly six feet high"—

"Oh, please don't say any more," said Miss Marjoribanks, and she could not quite have explained why she interrupted these personal details; "if you tell me what he is like I shall fancy everybody I meet is him; Mr. Centum is dark, and has good features, and is nearly six feet high—never mind what he is like—you gentlemen can never describe anybody; you always keep to *generals*; tell us what he has done."

Somebody drew a long breath at the table when the Archdeacon obeyed Miss Marjoribanks's injunction. More than one person caught the sound, but even Lucilla's keen eyes could not make out beyond controversy from whom it proceeded. To be sure, Lucilla's mind was in a most curious state of tumult and confusion. She was not one of the people who take a long time to form their conclusions; but the natural conclusion to which she felt inclined to jump in this case was one so monstrous and incredible that Miss Marjoribanks felt her only safeguard in the whirl of possibilities

was to reject it altogether, and make up her mind that it was impossible; and then all the correspondences and apparent corroborations began to dance and whirl about her in a bewildering ring till her own brain seemed to spin with them. She was as much afraid lest the Archdeacon by some chance should fall upon a really individual feature which the world in general could identify, as if she had had any real concern in the matter. But then, fortunately, there was not much chance of that; for it was one of Lucilla's principles that men never can describe each other. She listened, however, with such a curious commotion in her mind, that she did not quite make out what he was saying, and only pieced it up in little bits from memory afterwards. Not that it was a very dreadful story. It was not a narrative of robbery or murder, or anything very alarming; but if it could by any possibility turn out that the man of whom Mr. Beverley was speaking had ever been received in society in Carlingford, then it would be a dreadful blow to the community, and destroy public confidence for ever in the social leaders. This was what Lucilla was thinking in her sudden turmoil of amazement and apprehension. And then all this time there was another person at table who knew all about it twenty times better than Lucilla, and knew what was coming, and had a still more intense terror lest some personal detail might drop from the Archdeacon's lips which the public in general would recognize. Notwithstanding, Mr. Beverley went on quite composedly with his story, never dreaming for a moment that anybody was disturbed or excited by it. "He has a mark on his face," the Archdeacon said — but here Miss Marjoribanks gave a little cry, and held up both her hands in dismay.

"Don't tell us what marks he has on his face," said Lucilla. "I know that I shall think every man who is dark, and has good features, and is six feet, must be him. I wonder if it could be my cousin Tom; he has a little mark on his face — and it would be just like his dreadful luck, poor fellow. Would it be right to give up one's own cousin if it should turn out to be Tom?" said Miss Marjoribanks. The people who were sitting at her end of the table laughed, but there was no laughing in Lucilla's mind. And this fright and panic were poor preparatives for the evening, which had to be got through creditably with so few resources, and with such a total reversal of the ordinary programme. Miss Marjoribanks was still tingling with curiosity

and alarm when she rose from the table. If it should really come to pass that an adventurer had been received into the best society of Carlingford, and that the best judges had not been able to discriminate between the false and true, how could any one expect that Grange Lane would continue to confide its most important arrangements to such incompetent hands?

Such was the dreadful question that occupied all Lucilla's thoughts. So far as the adventurer himself was concerned, no doubt he deserved anything that might come upon him; but the judgment which might overtake the careless shepherds who had admitted the wolf into the fold was much more in Miss Marjoribanks's mind than any question of abstract justice. So that it was not entirely with a philanthropical intention that she stopped Mr. Beverley and put an end to his dangerous details. Now she came to think of it, she began to remember that *nobody of her acquaintance* had any mark on his face; but still it was best not to inquire too closely. It was thus with a pre-occupied mind that she went up to the drawing-room, feeling less in spirits for her work than on any previous occasion. It was the first of the unlucky nights, which every woman of Lucilla's large and public-spirited views must calculate upon as inevitable now and then. There was no moon, and the Richmonds naturally were absent, and so were the Miss Browns, who were staying there on a visit — for it was after the engagement between Lydia\* and John; and Mr. Cavendish was away (though perhaps under the circumstances that was no disadvantage); and Mrs. Woodburn was silenced; and even Barbara Lake had failed her patroness.

"You are not in spirits to-night, Lucilla, my poor dear," said Mrs. Chiley, as they went up-stairs; and the kind old lady cast a fierce glance at Mrs. Woodburn, who was going before them with Miss Bury, as if it could be her fault.

"Dear Mrs. Chiley," said Miss Marjoribanks, "I am in perfect spirits; it is only the responsibility, you know. Poor Barbara is ill, and we can't have any music, and what if people should be bored? When one has real friends to stand by one it is different," said Lucilla, with an intonation that was not intended for Mrs. Chiley, "and I *always* stand by my friends."

\* It may be mentioned here that this was an engagement that none of the friends approved of, and that it was the greatest possible comfort to Miss Marjoribanks's mind that she had nothing to do with it — either one way or another, as she said.

If she meant anything by what she said there was no time to enlarge upon it, for they were just at the drawing-room door, where all the heavy people were waiting to be amused. Mrs. Chiley held her young friend back for a moment with those unreasonable partisan ideas of hers, which were so different from Lucilla's broad and statesmanlike way of contemplating affairs.

"I am so glad that bold thing is not coming," said the kind old lady; "she deserves to be ill, Lucilla. But don't go and over-excite yourself, my poor dear. People must just amuse themselves in their own way. They are very well off, I am sure, with this pretty room and a very nice cup of tea, and each other's things to look at. Never mind the people, but go and find a nice corner and have a chat with the Archdeacon when he comes up-stairs. I am sure that is what he would like. And you know he is the stranger, and the person to be studied," said the designing old woman. As for Lucilla, she made no categorical response; she only opened the door a little wider for Mrs. Chiley's entrance, and arranged the ribbons of the old lady's cap, as she followed her into the room, in a caressing way.

"I dare say we shall do very well," Lucilla said, feeling her courage rise within her in face of the emergency; and thus she went her way into the gay mob who were waiting for her, and who had not the least idea when Miss Marjoribanks made her appearance among them that she had anything on her mind.

But the first group that met Lucilla's eye as she went into the drawing-room was one which made her start a little, self-possessed as she was. This group was composed of, in the first place, Barbara Lake in her crumpled white dress, which she had not had any heart to think of, and which was just as she had taken it off last Thursday evening. Barbara herself showed to as little advantage as her dress did. There was no expectation about her to brighten her up. Her heavy black eyebrows lowered like a dead line of resistance and defiance, and her eyes gleamed underneath sullenly oblique and dangerous. Her hair was hastily arranged, her complexion muddy and sombre, her eyelids red. It was as easy to see that she had been crying, and that disappointment and spite and vexation had had the greatest share in her tears, as if all the party had been admitted to the little house in Grove Street and had heard the tempest going on. Though she

had made up her mind that she was unable to go, when her going was merely a necessary loyalty to Lucilla, the fact that Rose had been invited acted with a wonderfully stimulating effect upon her sister. Then she began to think that perhaps, after all, he might have come back, and that to be out of the way and leave the field clear to Lucilla was all that her enemies wanted — for poor Barbara could not but think that she must have enemies. And the mere idea that Rose was asked roused her of itself. "I don't know what she could mean by asking you, unless it was to spite me," said the sullen contralto. "Oh, yes, I dare say she will be very glad to get rid of me; but I'll go to spite her," Barbara cried, with a flash from under her lowering brows; and it was this amiable motive which had brought her out. She thought, if by any chance Mr. Cavendish might happen to be there, that the sight of her all crumpled and suffering would be eloquent to his heart, for the poor girl's knowledge of the world and "the gentlemen" was naturally very small. Thus she made her appearance with her disappointment and rage and vexation written on her face, to serve as a beacon to all the young women of Carlingford, and show them the necessity of concealing their feelings. Mrs. Chiley, who felt that Barbara deserved it, and was resolved not to pity her, seized the opportunity, and delivered quite a little lecture to a group of girls on the subject of the forsaken.

"A disappointment may happen to any young person," Mrs. Chiley said, "and so long as it is not their fault nobody could blame them; but, my dears, whatever you do, don't show it like that. It makes me ashamed for my sex. And only look at Lucilla!" said the old lady, who, to tell the truth, instead of looking ashamed, looked triumphant. And, to be sure, Miss Marjoribanks had regained all her pristine energy, and looked entirely like herself.

What was still more extraordinary, however, was, that Mrs. Woodburn had quite emerged from her momentary quietude, and was in a corner, as usual, with a group of people round her, from whom stifled bursts of laughter were audible. "I am frightened out of my life when I see that woman," said one of the Grange Lane ladies, who was the very impersonation of commonplace, and utterly unworthy the mimic's while. "She is taking some of us off at this moment, I am quite sure."

"My dear, she is very amusing," said Mrs. Chiley, drawing her lace shawl round

her shoulders with that little jerk which Mrs. Woodburn executed to perfection. "I am quite easy in my mind, for my part. There can't be much to take off in an old woman that is old enough to be all your grandmothers; and I am quite pleased for Lucilla's sake." And then, it is true, the girls laughed, and tried hard to hide that they were laughing, for they had all heard Mrs. Woodburn give that very speech with inimitable success. But it was in reality the Archdeacon of whom the mimic was giving a private rehearsal at that moment. She was doing it with a little exaggeration, and colouring strongly, which perhaps was owing to an imperfect acquaintance with the subject, and perhaps to the little excitement which accompanied the throwing off of the cloud which had enveloped her. To be sure, nobody knew why she should have been under a cloud, for married sisters don't generally lose their spirits in consequence of a brother's temporary absence; but still the general eye perceived the change. "Now you look a little like yourself again," some one said to her. "You might have been out of town, like Mr. Cavendish, for anything one has heard of you for a week past."

"I have been studying very closely," Mrs. Woodburn said; "it is so important to get the key-note:" and this was how, more than by anything he said or did himself, that Mr. Beverley's ways of expressing himself became familiar to the mind of Grange Lane.

All this time little Rose Lake had been standing by the table near her sister, not feeling very comfortable, if the truth must be told. Rose had been obliged to solve the important question of what she was to put on, by the simple, but not quite satisfactory, expedient of wearing what she had, as so many people have to do. And her dress was, to say the least, rather a marked contrast to the other dresses round her. For when one is an artist, and belongs to a family of artists, one is perhaps tempted to carry one's ideas of what is abstractedly graceful even into the sacred conventionalities of personal attire; and it is sad to be obliged to confess that the success is generally much less apparent than one might have expected it to be, as many an unfortunate painter's wife has found out to her cost. Among all the Grange Lane girls there was not one who would have looked, as Miss Marjoribanks herself said, *nicer* than Rose if she had been dressed like other people. To be sure, there were several handsomer, such as Barbara, for instance, who possessed a kind of beauty, but

who was as far from being *nice* as can be conceived; but then what can be done with a girl who goes out for the evening in a black dress trimmed with red, and made with quaint little slashings at the shoulders and round the waist of an architectural character? Rose's opinions in respect to effective ornamentation were, as has been said, very strongly marked for so young a person; and though she was perfectly neat, and not a crumple about her, still it must be confessed that her costume altogether suggested, even to Lucilla, who was not imaginative, one of the carnival demons that she had seen in Italy. When she went up to her young visitor, veiling her altogether, for the moment, in in her own clouds of white, Miss Marjoribanks made a furtive attempt to put some of the tags out of the way; but this was an impracticable effort. "It was so nice of you to come on such short notice," Lucilla said, putting her hand affectionally on Rose's shoulder; but her eyes would wander while she was speaking from her little schoolfellow's face to her dreadful trimmings; "and I am so glad to see Barbara is better. But you shan't be troubled to-night, for we are not going to have any music. I am sure you are not able to sing," said Miss Marjoribanks, addressing the elder sister; and all this time she was insidiously fingering Rose's tags, which were far too firmly secured to yield to any such legerdemain. And then, as was natural, Lucilla had to go away and attend to her other guests; and the other people in the room were too busy with their own talks and friends to pay any attention to Rose, even had she not been sister to Barbara, whom nobody felt disposed to notice. Rose had brought a large portfolio with her, containing not only the design in which her own genius was launching forth, but also some drawings which the little artist set much less store by, and one surreptitious sketch, which was by Willie, who had not yet made a name. She thought, in her innocence, poor child, as is natural to youthful professors of art or literature, that such matters form the staple of conversation in polite society, and that everybody would be pleased and proud to have heard of and seen, just before his *début*, the works of the coming man. "I have brought some drawings," she said to Lucilla, putting her hand upon the portfolio; and Lucilla had said, "You dear little Rose, how nice of you!"—but that was all that had as yet passed on the subject. Miss Marjoribanks regarded with eyes of painful interest the young Preraphaelite's tags, but she paid no regard to the portfolio, and never even asked to see its contents. Rose, to be sure,

might have sat down had she pleased, but she preferred to keep her place standing by her sister's side, with her hands upon the portfolio, listening to all the people talking. It was rather a disenchanting process. All of them might have seen the portfolio had they liked, and yet they went on talking about the most unimportant matters;—where they were going, and what they were to wear, and what new amusements or occupations had been planned for the morrow—which two words indeed seem to mean the same thing according to the Carlingford young ladies. As Rose Lake stood and listened, a few of her childish illusions began to leave her. In the first place, nobody said a syllable either about art, literature, or even music, which gave the lie to all her previous conceptions of conversation among educated people—and then it began slowly to dawn upon Rose, that a life like her own, full of work and occupation, which she had been used up to this moment to think a very good life, and quite refined and dignified in comparison with most of the lives she knew of, was in reality a very shabby and poor existence, of which a young woman ought to be ashamed when she came into society in Grange Lane. When this discovery began to dawn upon the little artist, it made her very hot and uncomfortable for the first moment, as may be supposed. She who had thought of the Female School of Design as of a Career, and considered herself a little in the light of one of the pioneers of society and benefactors of her kind! but in Miss Marjoribanks's drawing-room the Career seemed to change its character;—and then Rose began to think that now she understood Barbara. It was, on the whole, a painful little bit of experience; and the more humbled she felt in herself, the more did her little heart swell within her, with the innocent pride grown bitter, and the happy complacency of her scruples turned into a combative self-assertion, which is not an uncommon process with people who have cherished ideas about the rank of artists. The world did not care in the least for her being an artist, except perhaps in so far as that fact gave a still more absurd explanation to her absurd dress; and then she had never been to a ball, and was not going to any ball, nor to the picnic on Saturday, nor to Mrs. Centum's on Monday, nor to ride, nor to drive, nor to do anything that all these young people were doing; and naturally the sensation produced was not a very agreeable one; for, to be sure, she was only seventeen, and it went to her heart to be so altogether out of accord with everything she heard of in this

new world. Thus she stood, losing more and more the easy grace of her first attitude, and getting morose and stiff and constrained, with a sense of being absurd. This perhaps was why Barbara had always stopped her when she began to speak of their rank as artists. Barbara had been more far-sighted than herself, and had but followed the lead of the world. This was the lesson Rose was learning as she stood up at the end of the room, clearly marked out in her black-and-red dress against the background and *entourage* of white-robed angels. It had been Barbara that knew best. It was a lesson a little sharp, but still it was one which everybody in her position had to find out, and which it was very well for her to learn.

And it was just at this time that the gentlemen came up from the dining-room. As for Barbara, she roused up a little from her sullen silence, and turned an eager look to the door, with a lingering, desperate idea that, after all, *he* might be there—which was an act which shocked her sister. "If you would only have a proper pride!" the impatient little mentor whispered; but Barbara only heaved up her plump round shoulders, and jerked her ear away. So far from having proper pride, she rather wanted to show all the Grange Lane people that she was looking for *him*, that she was suffering from *his* loss, and had hopes of his return, and came not for them or for Lucilla, but on his account; for Barbara had no dreams of any possible good to be got out of papa's being appreciated, or Willie making a name; and even to be the deserted of Mr. Cavendish was a more flattering distinction than to be simply the drawing-master's daughter. But, of course, there was no Mr. Cavendish there; and, to tell the truth, his absence made itself most distinctly felt at that critical moment. Then, for the first time, the ordinary public found out how he had bridged over the chasm between the dinner-party—who were satisfied and *blasés*, and wanted repose—and the evening people, who were all quite fresh, and looked for amusement. The public, with its usual dulness of perception, had ignored this, though Miss Marjoribanks had known it from the very beginning, and now there was nobody to take this delicate office. The result was, that the gentlemen were just falling into that terrible black knot all by themselves about the door, and betaking themselves to the subjects which were, as Lucilla justly remarked, on a level with their capacities, when Miss Marjoribanks felt that the moment had arrived for deci-

sive action. The Archdeacon, to do him justice, had made a little effort to enter into general society; for he was still "young — enough," as Mrs. Chiley said, to think it worth his while to take in the younger and prettier section of the community into the circle of his sympathies. But it was here that the limited range of a Churchman became apparent in comparison with the broad and catholic tendencies of a man of the world like Mr. Cavendish. A well-brought-up young woman in general society cannot be expected on the spot to bring forward her theological doubts or speculations for immediate solution; and that was the only kind of flirtation which Mr. Beverley was properly up to. He made one or two attempts, but without great success; and then the Archdeacon began to veer slowly downward into the midst of the circle of black coats which was slowly consolidating, and which was the object of Miss Marjoribanks's special terror; and this being the case, Lucilla felt that no time was to be lost. Though she had taken no notice of the portfolio, and, to tell the truth, did not care in the least about its contents, she had no more forgotten that it was there than she forgot any other instrument which could be put to use. When it was evident that nothing else was to be done, Miss Marjoribanks called the Archdeacon to her to the other end of the room. "I want to show you something," said Lucilla. "I am quite sure you know about art. Do come and look at Miss Lake's drawings; they are charming. This is Mr. Beverley, Rose, and you must let him see what you have got in the portfolio. He is quite a judge, you know; and she is a little genius," said Lucilla. This speech awoke a little flutter of amazement and consternation in the assembly; but Miss Marjoribanks knew what she was about. She opened up the portfolio with her own hands, and brought forth the drawing which was Willie's drawing, and which, to be sure, Lucilla knew nothing about. "It was my luck, you know," as she said afterwards; for Willie's drawing was wonderfully clever, and quite in Mr. Beverley's way. And then everybody got up to look at it, and made a circle round the Archdeacon; and the Broad-Churchman, who had at bottom no objection to be mobbed and surrounded by a party of ladies, exerted himself accordingly, and opened up to such an extent, that the whole room thrilled with interest. Thus Lucilla's luck, as she modestly called it, or rather her genius, triumphed once more over the novel combination which had perplexed her for the first moment. She drew a little

apart, well pleased, and looked on with that sense of success and administrative power which is one of the highest of mental enjoyments. She contemplated the grouping affectionately, and felt in her own soul the reassuring and delicious consciousness that, having mastered such a difficulty as this, she might go on with renewed confidence in her own powers; and it was this soothing, and at the same time exhilarating, sentiment which was interrupted by the somewhat impatient gestures of Mrs. Chiley, who at this moment caught Lucilla's dress, and drew her to her side.

"My dear," said the old lady, hastily, "this will never do. It is all very well to sacrifice yourself, but you can't expect me to approve of it when you carry it so far. Go and talk to him yourself, Lucilla! What was the good of bringing him here, and making a fuss about him, all for *that*? And you will see that other fantastic little creature will be just as nasty as her sister," said Mrs. Chiley, who was so much excited that she could scarcely restrain herself from speaking out loud.

But Lucilla only smiled like an angel upon her excited friend. "Dear Mrs. Chiley," she said, in a seraphic way, "the lady of the house must always think of her guests first; and you know that the object of *my* life is to be a comfort to dear papa."

Thus that evening came to a climax of success and satisfaction so far as Miss Marjoribanks was personally concerned; but it will be necessary to turn over another leaf before describing the very different sentiments of little Rose Lake at the same crisis; for, of course, no great work was ever achieved without the sacrifice of a certain number of instruments, and the young Preraphaelite was at this moment no better than a graphic little pencil in the greater artist's hand.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

MR. ARCHDEACON BEVERLEY was tall and strong, as was natural to a Broad-Churchman; and when he took Willie's drawing in his hand, and held it up to his eyes, and began to express his sentiments on the subject, it did not occur to him that his shadow, both physical and moral, was quite blotting out the little figure down at his elbow, whom he supposed to be the artist, and whose face was crimson, and her heart beating, and her whole frame in a tremble of eagerness to disavow the honour, and secure the credit of his work to Willie,

who had still his name to make. As for Rose's explanations and descriptions, they might as well have been uttered to a collection of deaf people for any effect they had upon the Archdeacon, who was discoursing about the picture in his own way, ever so far up above her—or to his auditory, who were interested in what he was saying because he said it, and not because of any interest they had in the subject. Rose stood trembling with impatience and a kind of feminine rage, deep down in the circle of white ladies, and under the shadow of the large black figure in the midst of them. The Archdeacon might have stood very well for one of the clerical heroes upon whose arm the modern heroine thinks it would be sweet to lean—who would guard her from the world, and support her in trouble, and make his manly bosom a bulwark for her against all injustice; which, indeed, was a way of thinking of Mr. Beverley which some of the ladies surrounding him at that moment might have been not disinclined to adopt, as, to be sure, it was the conception of his character which Mrs. Chiley would very fain have impressed on Miss Marjoribanks. But as for Rose, on the contrary, so far from thinking of clinging to his arm, and being supported thereby, her girlish impulse was to spring upon that elbow, which was the only point accessible to her stature, and box and pinch him into listening to the indignant disclaimers, the eager protestations, to which he gave no manner of attention. But then it is well known that the point of view from which circumstances compel us to regard either a landscape or a person has everything to do with the opinion formed upon it. Willie was the genius of the Lake family, as may be divined, and he was just then in London, working very hard, and thinking of making a name with still more fervid though less confident calculations than those of his little sister; and the idea that she was appropriating his glory, however unwillingly, and depriving him for a moment of the honour due to him, drove Rose half frantic; while, at the same time, Nature had made her voice so soft, and toned it so gently, that all her efforts could not secure herself a hearing. As for the audience in general, it was, on the contrary, quite enchanted with the Archdeacon's elucidation. It was not so much that he was entertaining, as that it was *him*, the highest clerical dignitary who had been seen for a long time about Carlingford, possibly its future bishop, and a man who was said to have written articles

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in the Reviews, and to be a friend of Dean Howard's, and very well received in the highest quarters. Such a man could not fail to be an authority on the subject of art; or, indeed, on any other subject which it might be his pleasure to discuss.

"I recognize here a wonderful absence of conventionality," said the Archdeacon. "There is good in everything; perhaps the want of any picture-gallery in the neighbourhood of Carlingford, which I have been so sorry to observe"—

"Oh, but I assure you Sir John has a very nice collection of pictures," said one of Mr. Beverley's audience, "and dear Lady Richmond is so kind in letting one bring one's friends to see them. She is such a sweet woman—don't you think so? I am sure my husband says"—

"Lady Richmond is a good, pure, gentle woman," said the Archdeacon in his Broad-Church way, summing up and settling the question; "everybody must be the better for knowing her. There is a great deal of very fine feeling for drapery in that mantle—and the boy's attitude is remarkable. There is a freedom in that leg, for example, which is extraordinary for a lady"—

"But it is not a lady," shrieked Rose, who was getting incoherent, and with difficulty restrained herself from seizing Mr. Beverley's elbow. The Archdeacon this time gave a little glance down at her, and his eye caught her red trimmings, and he smiled a little—he thought he knew what she meant.

"Miss Lake declines to be mildly judged on the score of being a lady," he said, "and I quite agree with her—so we'll abandon that phraseology. I confess that I was quite unprepared to find such genius in Carlingford. It is a delightful little town, but with no collection of pictures, no gallery, no masters"—

But here Rose, who could bear no longer, made a dash at last at that elbow which represented to her for the moment all the arrogance and superficial information of criticism. "Papa is the master," cried Rose, "and there are two schools of design. We gained six prizes, and Willie had all his first training"—

"Precisely," said the Archdeacon, in his bland tones. "Schools of design are admirable things in their way. They develop what one may call the superficial talent which pervades the community; but to find a real power, such as this may develop into, in a town so destitute of the means of instruction, says a great deal for human

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nature. Centum, you are a connoisseur, you know what I mean. Why you should not have a yearly exhibition at Carlingford, for example, when there is an amount of native talent which can produce a sketch like this, I cannot conceive. Look how finely characterized are the different figures; and such depth of feeling in the accessories,—this piece of drapery, for example. I am sure all our thanks are due to Miss Lake for suffering us to see her production. I should like you to examine it well, Centum," said the Archdeacon—and then it passed to Mr. Centum's hand. To tell the truth, Mr. Centum would have differed from Mr. Beverley had he cared; for it is all very easy for a stranger to speak about native talent; whereas for a man who lives in the town, and may be expected to foster a rising artist in a more substantial way than by mere praise, it is a very different matter. But then the banker knew that to differ from the Archdeacon, a man who was in the very best society, and indeed quite familiar at Windsor, would be to make a summary end of the reputation he himself enjoyed as a connoisseur. So he drew near and looked at the drawing, and echoed Mr. Beverley's sentiments—but naturally in a modified way.

"But as for a yearly exhibition, I don't know what to say about that," said Mr. Centum, "for you know we'd have to give a prize to tempt a few of the fellows in London to send a picture or two. All that is very easy in theory, but it is much more difficult in practice. It's a very clever drawing. I dare say your father touched it up—did he not? I always said Lake was a very clever fellow in his way—but if it was the very finest beginning ever made, it is only a sketch, and one swallow does not make a summer; and then," said Mr. Centum, trying to escape by a joke, "you know a young lady is never to be calculated upon; though, as a sketch, nothing could be more promising," added the man whose character was at stake; and then the whole party burst into an animated discussion of the chance of an exhibition at Carlingford, and the duty of fostering native talent. Rose stood in the centre of the circle all this time, while Willie's drawing passed from hand to hand and all this talk went on, palpitating with vexation and impatience, and keen feminine rage, and unable to get anybody to listen to her. Nobody cared the least in the world whether it was or was not she who had done it. Nobody knew anything about Willie; whether he made a Name or not, who cared? It was

a very successful expedient, so far as Lucilla's great work was concerned, and rewarded her pains in a way which it was delightful to contemplate; but then there never was a great work in the world which did not involve a few heartaches to the instruments; and to be truly successful a person of the highest order of administrative genius must be indifferent to that. At the same time it would be quite false to say that Miss Marjoribanks contemplated any such accompaniment, or had the least intention of wounding Rose, who, on the contrary, was a great pet of hers; but Lucilla's eyes were naturally fixed upon her own aim, which was, it must be confessed, of sufficient magnitude to justify a few sacrifices of the rank and file. If a great monarch was to count how many soldiers would be killed every time it was necessary to his credit to fight a great battle, what would become of the world? But then the misfortune was, that in this case poor little Rose had been quite as intent upon *her* little aim as was Lucilla, and did not understand that she was there to be bowled over, and to make way for the car of triumph. When she had restored to her at last the precious drawing, which had gained so much praise, and which, by this time, was a little frayed at the edges (but, to be sure, that was only the mounting-board), and looked as if it had seen service, instead of being elated and triumphant as she was expected to be, poor Rose could scarcely keep from crying. Not hers was to be the gratification of helping Willie on his first step towards a Name. On the contrary, she felt herself in the horrible position of having usurped his credit, and done him an injury, and put his drawing away in the portfolio with inexpressible feelings, shutting it down over her own poor little work and the veil which had up to this moment held the principal share in her thoughts. Alas, by this time poor Rose had more serious matters to think of! And when she made an attempt privately, when there was some chance of being heard, to rectify the mistake, her effort was equally unsuccessful. She took her chance when she saw Mr. Centum alone, and stole up to him, and made her little statement. "It was my brother's drawing, not mine," she said; and the banker, who had by this time forgotten all about it, opened his eyes and stared at her. "Ah—oh—it was your brother's," said Mr. Centum, with a little yawn; and the impulse may be forgiven to Rose if she could have seized upon this man who considered himself a connoisseur, and given him a good shake in her rage and vexation. But then, to

be sure, all that impatience did no good; and Rose was not even grateful for the kiss Lucilla gave her when she went away. "Thank you so much for bringing that beautiful drawing," Miss Marjoribanks said; and she meant it quite sincerely, and felt that Rose and her portfolio had helped her to her latest triumph just as Balaara and her contralto had helped in the earliest. And thus the two representatives of the arts went home in their wounded condition, after having served their purpose. To be sure, Barbara richly deserved her share of the pain; but at the same time Lucilla had gone over them both in her triumphal chariot, and they had contributed much to her victory. And then neither of them was philosophical enough to feel that to help on, even by your own humiliation, the success of a great work is worth everybody's while. Miss Marjoribanks had made use of them as society generally makes use of art, and they unfortunately had taken it as the artist generally does take that supreme compliment. This was the other side of the picture which Lucilla looked upon with such complacent eyes; and at the very same moment Mrs. Chiley, seeing matters from her point of view, confided to her husband her vexation and annoyance at the way in which her young friend neglected her opportunities. "He is not like what clergymen were in our day," said the old lady, "but still he is very nice, and has a nice position, and it would just suit Lucilla; but to think of her going and leaving him with these Lake girls, notwithstanding the lesson she has had! and I have no doubt the little one is just as designing and nasty as the other. If it should come to anything, she has only herself to blame," said Mrs. Chiley. As for the Colonel, he took it more calmly, as a gentleman might be expected to do.

"You may trust a parson for that," said the old soldier. "He knows what he is about. You will never find him make such an ass of himself as young Cavendish did." But this only made Mrs. Chiley sigh the more.

"Poor Mr. Cavendish!" said the old lady. "I will never blame him, poor fellow. It was all that deceitful thing laying her snares for him. For my part I never like to have anything to do with those artist kind of people—they are all adventurers," said the Colonel's wife; and she went to bed with this unchristian persuasion in her mind. Thus the matter was regarded on all sides with sentiments differing according to the different points of view; and the only person who looked at it abstractly, and contemplated not the accidents of the evening,

but the work itself, which was progressing in the face of all kinds of social difficulties, was the master-mind which first conceived the grand design of turning the chaotic elements of society in Carlingford into one grand unity. One may be charitable to the natural feelings of those who have been shot at and ridden over in the course of the combat; and one may even sympathize a little with the disgust of the critic who can see the opportunities which have been neglected after the day was won; but in reality, it is only the eye of the general who has planned it who can estimate the true importance of each individual fight in the campaign. And when we announce that Miss Marjoribanks herself was satisfied, there remains little more to say.

As for the Archdeacon, he, as was natural, knew nothing about the matter. He said again, with the natural obtuseness which is so general among the gentlemen, that it had been a very pleasant party. "She has a fine clear candid nature," said Mr. Beverley; "I should think such a person must exercise an influence for good on society;" which, no doubt, was true enough. This was how Lucilla, by sheer dint of genius, triumphed over all the obstacles that stood in her way; and without music, without the county people, and without Mr. Cavendish, still continued with renewed *éclat* her weekly success. But though she was satisfied with the evening, it would be vain to deny that there were perturbations in the mind of Miss Marjoribanks as she laid her head upon her maiden pillow. She said to herself again with profounder fervour, that fortunately her affections had not been engaged; but there were more things than affections to be taken into consideration. Could it be possible that mystery, and perhaps imposture, of one kind or another, had crossed the sacred threshold of Grange Lane; and that people might find out and cast in Lucilla's face the dreadful discovery that a man had been received in her house who was not what he appeared to be? When such an idea crossed her mind, Miss Marjoribanks shivered under her satin quilt. Of course she could not change the nature of the fact one way or another; but, at least, it was her duty to act with great circumspection, so that if possible it might not be found out—for Lucilla appreciated fully the difference that exists between wrong and discovery. If any man was imposing upon his neighbours and telling lies about himself, it was his own fault; but if a leader of society were to betray the fact of having received and petted such a person,

then the responsibility was on *her* shoulders. It dismayed Miss Marjoribanks, and at the same time it gave a tinge of excitement to the future, in which there might be, and no doubt were, crowds of unrevealed Archdeacons and undiscovered men of the world on their way to Carlingford, all knowing something about somebody, and bringing with them an ever-recurring succession of difficulties and triumphs. It was prudence that was the great thing that was required, and not to give too hasty heed to anything, nor to put one's self in the wrong by any alarmist policy. Fortunately the respectability of Dr. Marjoribanks's house was enough to cover its guests with a shining buckler. Thus Lucilla calmed down her own apprehensions, and succeeded in convincing herself that if the impostor whom the Archdeacon had seen had been really received in Grange Lane, it was so much the worse for the impostor; but that, in the mean time, in the lack of evidence it was much the best thing to take no notice. If there was any one else in Carlingford who regarded that past danger with a livelier horror and a more distinct fear, certainly Miss Marjoribanks had no way of knowing of it, and nobody had been remarked in a despondent condition, or, indeed, in anything but the highest spirits, in the course of this Thursday, except the ungrateful creature who had done so much mischief; and tolerant as Lucilla was, it would have been going beyond the limits of nature to have expected that she could have been profoundly sorry for Barbara Lake.

But at the same time poor Barbara, though she was not an elevated character, had gone home in a very sad state of mind. She had taken courage to ask Mrs. Woodburn about her brother, and Mrs. Woodburn had made the very briefest and rudest response to her question, and had "taken off" her woe-begone looks almost to her very face. And no one had shown the least sympathy for the forsaken one. She had not even been called from her solitude

to sing, which might have been something, and it was Rose, as she said to herself, who had attracted all the attention; for, like most selfish people, Barbara, though keenly aware of her own wrongs, had no eyes for the humiliation and pain to which her sister had been subjected. "I feel as if I should never see him more," she said, quite subdued and broken down, with a burst of tears, as the two went home; and poor little Rose, who was soft-hearted, forgot all her disapprobation in sympathy. "Never mind them, dear; they have no feeling. We must cling together all the closer, and try to be everything to each other," Rose said, with eyes which were full, but which would not shed any tears. Her mind was overflowing with mortification and wounded pride, and at the same time she said to herself, that all that was nothing in comparison to the wound of the heart under which Barbara was suffering. "Dear, never mind, we will be everything to each other," said poor little romantic Rose; and the elder sister, even in the depths of her dejection, could have given her a good shake for uttering such an absurd sentiment; for a great deal of good it would do to be everything to each other—as if that could ever replace the orange blossoms and the wedding tour, and the carriage and handsome house, which were included in the name of Cavendish! "And he was such a dear!" she said to herself in her own mind, and wept, and made her eyes redder and redder. If Mr. Cavendish had known all that was going on in Carlingford that night, the chances are that he would have been most flattered by those tears which Barbara shed for him under the lamps in Grove Street; but then it is to be hoped he would not have been insensible either to the just reticence and self-restraint which, mingling with Miss Marjoribanks's suspicions, prevented her, as she herself said, even in the deepest seclusion of her own thoughts, from naming any name.

LETTERS, CONVERSATIONS, AND RECOLLECTIONS OF S. T. COLERIDGE. — With a preface by the editor, Thomas Allsop. Third Edition. (Frederick Farrah.) — The only novelty in this edition is the preface, in which Mr. Allsop asserts openly what he had insinuated in the body of the work, that Coleridge was not a believer in Christianity. Mr. Allsop seems to us to have half understood some strong con-

versational expressions directed against certain popular doctrines, and interpreted them by the light or darkness of his own unbelief. Those letters which he himself publishes abundantly contradict him. Coleridge's writings explain his views on religion quite frankly, and if the man who wrote them was not a Christian, he was, it seems to us, a hypocrite. Mr. Allsop's account of his opinions is not credible.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

## ABOUT SALMON.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

"At length," we read in Dickens's best novel, "some few of the belligerents began to speak to each other in only moderate terms of mutual aggravation;—and little by little to make common cause on the one subject of Martin Chuzzlewit's obstinacy." What was true of the Chuzzlewit family in this respect, is now, we are happy to say, to some extent true of the writers on the natural history of the salmon. It can no longer be said of them, as it was of the before-mentioned family, that "no one member of it had ever been known to agree with another within the memory of man." They have given up squabbling in the *Field*, we dare say, to the worthy and peaceably disposed editor's great delight, and seem really inclined to come to some conclusion after all.

A long and stormy council has been sitting, in an irregular, unofficial way for this last ten years. The debate has been at times very hot, and the results for long eminently uncertain. The conclusions of yesterday were swept away by the facts of today; the hunted heretic of last week became grand inquisitor of this. By degrees, however, the wilder theorists were persuaded, submitted, or were condemned; and the council has been at last enabled, by the mouth of one of its most able and learned members—Mr. Russel, editor of the *Scotsman*—to put forth its declaration of belief;\* which is both large and modest, and which has been almost universally submitted to. Certain daft whig bodies, who deny the identity of salmon and grilse, are still "out" in Ross-shire, but Mr. Russel has denounced their leader, and Claverhouse is after him, and no doubt he will soon be accounted for, and his followers dispersed.

Mr. Russel's book is not merely a dry statement of the natural history of the salmon. It is a most readable and amusing book. We hope that there is no law of literature which prevents a man making statistics amusing, and inducing people to read them who otherwise would have left them alone. If there be such a law, Mr. Russel has broken it, and must suffer the penalty by having a few thousand extra readers. We hope that any other man sinning in the same way will meet with the same just retribution.

But these few words, of which Mr. Russel's book forms the text, are not to be con-

sidered as a review. A book by the editor of the *Scotsman* is tolerably certain to want uncommon little reviewing; being pretty well reviewed before it goes to press. It gives us an opportunity, however, to give the results of scientific inquiries about the natural history of the salmon, and to say a few words of our own. The author of this book would be the last to affirm that he had exhausted his subject; and there is very little fear that our trifling contribution will do so.

Now the best thing we can do is to give the life of a successful salmon—of the eighteen pounder with which we shall make ourselves ill this very night at the London Tavern, on the occasion, let us say, of the annual dinner of the Broken Down Blockade Runners' Pension Society, with Mr. Bright in the chair. Let us see, with the assistance of Mr. Russel, what astounding adventures this fellow had gone through, before, like Hans Andersen's snails, he had arrived at the crowning earthly honour of being cooked, put on a plate, and gobbled up. Having done this, let us follow the fate of a few of his unsuccessful brothers, and see why, by a combination entered into by a wicked world, they never came by the promotion which awaited their more fortunate brother, but got themselves crudely gobbled up, far short of the London Tavern. Thirdly and lastly, let us draw deductions and apply the lesson.

The ova of the salmon, in size about equal to a small pea, are deposited in loose gravel, under steady flowing water, at a time, ranging between the beginning of September and the middle of January, varying most in the county of Devon, where the difference between the spawning time in the Exe and in the Avon is as great as five months.

In from 90 to 130 days that process begins which is now so familiar to Londoners through Mr. Frank Buckland's apparatus; the little fish partly develops out of the egg, and begins uncouthly to wriggle about with it attached to him. By degrees the egg becomes absorbed, and he is at last a tiny fish, fairly started on his grand career.

At first he is very shy, lying perfectly still under arched stones, growing; he is rarely visible to the naked eye before July, by which time he has become a parr, or fingerling, something like a small brook trout, but lighter in colour, as well as in build, marked with a number of darker bars on his side. He may be easily distinguished from a brook trout by other peculiarities besides the bars. (In fact we know certain brooks,

\*The Salmon. By A. Russel. Edmonston and Douglas. Edinburgh: 1864.

far beyond the reach of salmon, in which one-half the trout are barred like parr.) He now begins to rise at a fly, and to make a deadly bait for big river trout. We need not say that it is illegal to use him for this purpose, though it is a sore temptation when no bait is to be had but a rotten garvie. In this state, preserving a size of less than six inches (we once saw one on the river Teign between eight and nine, but that is exceedingly rare), he remains for one or for two years. But, after about fourteen months, or else about one year and fourteen months, counting from his hatching,\* a great change comes over him; his mottled sides become coated with bright silver scales, and he turns to all intents and purposes into a salmon of six inches long; he is now called a *smolt* in Scotland; in England a *samlet*, or, collectively, *salmon fry*. He now in his little brain (oh mystery of mysteries!) feels that something must be done—that this pleasant summer weather, these sweet fat stoneflies, and all, must be left for unknown perils. He quits the pleasant stream where he has been bred, and, heading seawards, is lost to human ken in the ocean.

What he does there no man knows. Mr. Russel goes so far to hint, in the most roundabout and delicate way, that certain people who pretend to know more than their neighbours might be put under water for six months to see. We fear this would be impossible; so we must be content to know nothing, but sit and wait diligently for our friend the salmon's reappearance.

With regard to this question, "How long does your smolt remain in the sea, until he comes back to you a grilse of six to eight pounds?" the answer is, "Nobody knows." You are allowed a latitude of twelve months. He either comes back in three months, or in fifteen. It appears from this text-book of Mr. Russel's, that you may conscientiously believe in either of these two periods, without in any way (at present) endangering your personal liberty—which to a particular class of minds must be very pleasant, but to the narrow soul, which craves for authentic formulas, not quite so agreeable. However, he *does* come back, which is a great fact.

\* Probably one part go down the first year, and another the second, but the question is quite undecided, and conscience is allowed, for the present, to be free on the subject. The holders of either belief only incur the hatred and rancour of the other sect; they have nothing more to fear. The authorities hold either opinion to be legal, and, until the orthodox belief is developed and promulgated, decline to excommunicate. Now, this is very soothing to those who hold, as we do, a heresy on the subject of the breeding of parr.

Here he is at last, having felt along the coast, till he got the taste of the highly oxygenated land water in his gills; here he is, escaped from all the innumerable dangers of the deep sea, on the bar abreast of the town; waiting until the fresh water driving back the salt shall tell his queer, concentrated little mind, dully, as in a dream of a foregone half-forgotten life, yet surely too, that there is water enough over the shallowest bar to bear him up into the pleasantest old haunts under hazel and alder shadows, and that his love will meet him there.

When the first flood comes down, he goes up. Whether the water is swept down from the towering chalk wolds of Hampshire, from the granite fastnesses of Dartmoor, deserted of man, home only of the golden plover and the breeding snipe, where the silence of the hot still noon is rudely broken by the splash of the leaping trout in the bog pool; or from the solitary lakes over which glorious Schehallion, king among all mountains, sits watching with his peak in the sky and the snow on his breast, for ever—let the flood-water come from where it will, our grilse knows the message which it brings him—a message from the home where he was bred. It was a very nice place in his late mother's time (whom he never saw, and who would most certainly have eaten him up, body and bones, if he had come near her; but this is your sentiment), and perhaps the old lady may be up there now, or somebody else better; and perhaps he don't know why, any more than a late lamented Colonel, M. P., knew why he made a collection of portmanteaus. However, one thing is certain, up he goes, with his head towards his native hills, like a steam engine.

The most scientific and liberal of these terrible salmon-doctors assert that the salmon almost invariably resort to the very river, and the very branch of that river, in which they were bred. For sentimental purposes, this admission is valuable. There being no canon on the subject, however, we choose to use the little liberty allowed us, and to doubt that statement, on the distinct understanding that no one takes the matter up in the *Field*.

But our grilse by this time, if we adopt one of two extreme theories, is seventeen months old; and if we adopt the other theory, nearly three years and a half old. At all events, weighing six to eight pounds, he comes back duly and works up stream; some have said as much as twelve miles a day; but to find out the truth of that we must follow Mr. Russel's hint and send some one under water for six months. He goes scud-

ding swiftly over the shallows and stickles, and pausing, we believe, whole days in the pools and pits; during which time, either through sheer larkiness, or because he, like some others, labours under the impression that what is pleasant to the eye is also good for food (this fancy of his certainly brings knowledge, but, as in the great case, too late) — from some reason or another, he, during these rests of his, gets the habit, more totally developed in later life, of snapping at and trying to eat things apparently alive and organic, but which in reality are but mere Frankenstein monsters of shreds and patches, made in certain streets in London, Edinburgh, or Dublin — eidola of things, which, as Mr. Paul Bedford would have said some years ago, “never have couldn’t.” These things are your salmon-flies, the makers of which steer so singularly clear of the second commandment. For Scotch “Meg in her brows” is as much unlike anything in heaven or earth as is Irish Martin Kelly’s immortal orange-brown of the story.

Our statistics of the salmon-fly manufacture are unfortunately not handy; but we are inclined to suspect that there is a fly tied (a hook busked) for every salmon taken with the rod. If we get our committee on the subject, we should not be surprised to find that the flies beat the rod-killed salmon as two to one. The strangest thing is, that salmon fishers — not stone-bottle and punt Waltonian brethren who meet once a week at the *Duck and Trumpet*, but men of the world, able to sift evidence and draw conclusions — seem to agree that the salmon distinctly prefer one of these miniature popinjays to another. This must be a mysterious tradition. Whatever it is, it seems to be a fact. We never heard of a sane man using the small gaudy Irish fly in Scotland. Stoddart of Kelsoe, however (we quote from memory — we have not seen his work for years), instances a case *per contra* of a man who busked all his hooks *while*, and killed as many salmon as any one else.

But our grilse is but a grilse still. We must follow him as fast as we can. He heads up to the watershed and finds a suitable breeding-ground, and another lady grilse (no, Dundee, put up your sword, and call your troopers off. Well! well! Clavers, we are no one of the daft. Well, ye are a thrawn deevil, and we’ll say a lady salmon then; will that content you?) ; near about his own size (mark that, Dundee); and with her he routs up the gravel, and when tired of her company heads seaward once more — a kelt.

Says Mr. Bailey, junior, to the two Miss Pecksniffs, mysteriously through the keyhole, “There’s a fish to-morrow, young ladies; *don’t eat none of him.*”

Our friend is now in a fearfully draggle-tailed condition. One would be ashamed to be seen speaking to him in the streets. Change of air and diet become imperatively necessary. He goes to the sea-side, and apparently stays there some six months. At the end of that time he comes up the river again, and weighs, as we think, twelve pounds off and on. He again goes through the gravel-routng process, returns in a dilapidated condition to the sea, and once more appears in Tay, Garry, Shin, Tweed, Itchen, Avon, Dart, Teign, Severn, Blackwater, Shannon, Welsh Dee, Glaslyn, or where you will, in high health and strength, weighing somewhere near eighteen pounds.

We will consider our friend a Scotch salmon, for they are not only the most numerous, but the biggest and best. His hour is come. Here comes the Duke down in full Highland dress to catch him, accompanied by his piper (thank heaven, without his pipes), his forester, a gilly or two, a stag-hound or two, and five and twenty hairy terriers. His grace leads his fly over our friend’s nose, and our friend — flash — what shall we liken it to? — we know nothing in sport like the attack of even a small Welsh salmon, save the terrible “snatch” of a big Thames trout. (We get them up to fifteen pounds, remember.) What the first ten minutes with a big Scotch salmon is like we don’t happen to know, but it is something, we believe, so marked and distinct that men who have plenty other things to think about can call to mind the particulars of the death of every salmon they have ever killed. We have seen Scotch salmon killed, holding the position of Maclellan at Sebastopol; and should be inclined to think that our salmon, the one we have just eaten, comes by his curious death somehow like this.

Our friend, finding his grace’s hook fast in his nose, goes down stream ten miles an hour. The Duke, with the point of his rod in the air, begins running after him over the shingles and boulders, most confoundedly barking his high-bred though naked legs against democratic crystals of felspar. But he has a leg like a costermonger, has the Duke, “an unco’ fine leg for a kilt;” so perhaps he don’t mind. The piper, the forester, and the gillies, begin swearing; the four and twenty hairy terriers don’t swear, but take it out in barking, having created a fiction that his grace has got hold of an otter; the deer-hounds

get between everybody's legs, oftener than would appear possible, and gander about idiotically. In this order the whole party go raging down the river till they come to the pool called the Devil's Caldron, where our friend the salmon stops short, and goes to the bottom. The Duke stops short too, and all the others come on the top of him; the four and twenty hairy terriers career barking over them, and the mass of struggling humanity and dog-manity is crowned by a solitary deerhound, who don't know what it all means, but thinks it is as well to be at the top of it. On re-arranging themselves the party find that they are joined by the minister, who happens to be out botanizing, and who calls the Duke and one of the gillies to order for "language;" and also that the salmon is still sulking at the bottom of the pool. Stoning being of no avail, the youngest gilly strips, and, as we Thames men would say, "sneaks in" (your Highlander is but a poor hand in the water), rouses our friend the salmon, and sets the whole thing going again.

The Duke in the meantime has wound up his line, but the salmon will not have this. He dashes down stream once more until he has run out some eighty yards, and then heads *up* again, trying, with wonderful sagacity, to *down* the line, to utilize the force of the current against it, in his own favour. But even this is of no avail; his rushes become shorter and shorter; the piper and the forester take snuff together; the minister joins them; and, while their three paws are wagging together (did you ever see three Scotchmen doing the polite to one another, without a single word of articulate speech passing between them?) — while these three are bowing and scraping, the end has come. Our fish has made his last mad rush, and the Duke has dexterously guided it into a shallow, so that he runs up on the gravel, nearly high and dry. One of the gillies gaffs him (though that is but a ceremony in this case), and drags him up among the purple-flowered wild geraniums to die. In his death, even, he is one of the most beautiful objects in form and colour which we can set eyes on in this beautiful world. In form — the Hercules, Apollo, Antinous combined, and with all his beauty of line and curve showing an absolute perfection of utility. What opium-clipper, or more God-accursed slave-brig, can show such bows as he? What Great Britain or American racing yacht ever showed such a run, and such a stern? Colour, again! your dying dolphin we pronounce distinctly to be a swindle, and to

be put into Doctor Mackay's book on Popular Delusions, as the very greatest! Look at our salmon. See the gleaming silver on his shoulder fade off on his back into delicate gray, and on his belly into creamy pink. Why, the beauty of a great English trout, gleaming and panting his last among the nodding cowslips, is but mottled, painted barbarism beside him.

And so our lucky salmon comes to an end. And, although he has been killed by the Duke, it so happens that he has been put in the ice with the others, and we have feasted off him at the London Tavern. Hush! Gentlemen, charge your glasses for the toast of the evening. Mr. Bright rises to propose success to Jeff. Davis and slavery; and is followed by the editor of the *Record*, who gives "Bishop Colenso, with three times three," or something of that sort. Don't take too much claret, or your wife will compliment you on your personal appearance to-morrow morning.

"What is this? His eyes are pinky. Was it the claret? O no! no!"

"Bless your soul it was the SALMON. Salmon always makes him so."

We proposed at first to write the history of a lucky salmon, and next of an unlucky one. We have done the former. We cannot, as we find, do the latter; an unlucky salmon gets cut short so soon in his career, that he, like happy nations, has no history whatever — or at least no history which we can get hold of. The history of unlucky salmon is like that of the Canaanites. He is first heard of in his destruction.

We cannot write the history of an unlucky salmon. We can only sketch the fates of a family of twelve. We regret to say that we can't do it under. We believe that of twelve grilse which go to the sea not more than one reaches the breeding grounds on his next expedition up the river.

Therefore we will suppose that our late friend had eleven brethren. We will briefly hint what became of the eleven unfortunates, both because our space is limited, and because when we immediately come to our "thirdly, and lastly," we shall, by implication, explain their sad end more fully.

Salmon were sent into the world to be eaten. Things eatable are a marketable commodity, and will consequently in these times, when space has become annihilated by steam, find their highest market. Every hour a salmon stays in fresh water he deteriorates, which is something; but the fact that he is worth three shillings a pound

in February, and drops to a shilling in April, is something more. The fact which most influences his fate is this (as we venture to think) — that the assembled Swell-dom of the British islands, coming up to London at the end of February, to attend to their Parliamentary duties, and settle the fashions, require him at any price; and that, the upper ten thousand finding it impossible to do without him, the next lower two hundred thousand find that they can't do without him either. Consequently, there is a fictitious demand for early salmon in this *wen* of London, as Cobbet used to call it, merely because it is dear. "I never get enough asparagus," said a dweller in Sweldom the other day — "*our* people never have it at this time of year, it's too cheap." So with the salmon. Like asparagus, he must be anticipated; cut off from his native river, sixty miles at sea, if possible (which it happily is not — the coast stake-nets cannot work in stormy February, which is a blessing), merely because the market demands it. Do we object? Who would be mad enough to turn Tory, and attack the law of supply and demand? The world is mainly governed by those laws, and no exception can be made; only, if in this case you are too consistent, the supply will cease, and then, of course, the demand will cease too; so it will all come right in the end.

With regard to our eleven unlucky salmon. We cannot in the least make out, either from our own slight knowledge, or from Mr. Russel's book, what proportion of grilse or salmon who have bred this year return to breed next. Our foul fish, our spent fish, go back, as a general rule, to the sea without the knowledge of man. An Englishman, a Scotchman, or an Irishman, considers them as unclean beasts, not to be touched, hardly to be spoken of. Only your exceedingly nasty Frenchman buys him surreptitiously from dishonest dealers, fricassees or kickshaws him up somehow, and, pah! eats him, and believes, with his usual complacency, that he is taking salmon. Formerly, no doubt, a good many salmon perished by this infamous traffic; but a few sharp prosecutions last year, and the year before, put a stop to that sort of thing, and Mossoo's nasty tastes remain ungratified. We believe that now only one of our twelve would be killed for the market while foul. In former times the destruction was horrible.

Two more of the eleven are probably killed, for sheer selfish mischief, while spawning, by some miller or other — proba-

bly brother to some one of the captains of the Thames steamboats that attended the University race the other day; the men who first gave the Oxford boat their wash when they thought she was losing, and then cut the Cambridge boat in half, after they had so gloriously lost what was, *without any exception*, the finest University race ever rowed. The fish which "*flurries*" quickest finds himself soonest on the grass. Oh, Cambridge! remember that next year, if you mean to win. To return to these salmon of ours. A few years ago the number thus miserably and disgracefully killed by the millers, and Sir Walter Scott, Lord Brougham, ourselves, and others, who did not know or think what they were doing, but were attracted by the wonderful picturesqueness of the sport of salmon-spear-ing by torchlight, in Devonshire, and on the Tweed, and in the north of England generally, was enormous; now, probably, in the countries just named, it don't amount to more than one or two in the dozen. On Tay, Spey, and such rivers in Scotland, which come from strictly preserved moors, and Taw, in Devonshire, now the crime is unknown. We still hear sad accounts from the border, and the North of England; my Lord Brougham even having tried to find out what poaching was like on the other side of the spikes, and, morally speaking, having looked at the bench from the dock for the first time in his life. In Devonshire again, where nearly all the rivers run up into a vast, solitary tract of granite mountains (Dartmoor), the property of the Crown and entirely unpreserved, both for fishing and shooting, salmon are destroyed while spawning by hundreds. On the Devonshire Taw, the breeding-grounds are mainly on the lands of Lord Portsmouth and other game-preservers, the salmon never pushing up as far as the first bit of mountain at Belstone. From this river we hear the most encouraging reports. Your salmon flourishes mightily under the cold shade of the aristocracy; democracy, as in Canada and the United States, is death to him. In Australia, democracy is making noble efforts to get him. We think their chance perfectly hopeless; we are the more free in saying so just now for they seem to have succeeded. We consider the chance of introducing salmon into Tasmania as a hopeless business. We most sincerely hope we may be wrong.

One great fact seems to us perfectly undeniable. If it had not been for the game-preservers the extinction of salmon would have gone on much more rapidly in times gone by, and, in spite of a better legislation,

would go on much more rapidly now. The men who practically enforce the salmon laws are the paid gamekeepers of noblemen and landed proprietors. What are the chances of a breeding salmon in a Devonshire river, whose upper waters are free, when he once gets his belly on the granite, on the soil of freedom? Compare his case with a Tay salmon, who has some half a hundred of Lord Breadalbane's men watching him, or with a Taw salmon carefully guarded by Lord Portsmouth's or Mark Rolle's keepers — six-foot Devonians, every man of them; practised wrestlers from childhood. Whatever any one chooses to think about the Game Laws is no matter; but salmon fishers have a very vast deal to thank them for. It is the keepers who have practically delayed the extinction of the salmon, and without their help any new law will become nearly nugatory.

The fourth and fifth of our unlucky salmon, sneaking along the shore to find the river-mouth, are taken in stake-nets on the coast, in some cases sixty miles from the mouth of any river. The earliest of these are the salmon for which you will have to pay Mr. Grove, of Bond Street, or Mr. Charles, of Arabella-row, Pimlico, your five shillings a pound. These are the salmon for whom your London market gardeners force their cucumbers. You and ourselves (perhaps we had better only say ourselves — people in Society read this magazine) don't see these earlier fish. "They appear only," Jenkins tells us, "at the tables of the great, and Royalty itself is no stranger to them." Jenkins also tells us that they are very nice, and that we don't know what salmon is.

The sixth of our unlucky fish gets himself eaten by an otter: or, to be more correct, finds himself caught and brought ashore by an otter, and the shoulder piece eaten out of him. After which he is left on the bank, in the middle of the buckbeans, and is found by some artful, leary old trot of a grandmother, who habitually toddles along the otter tracks before the sun has looked over any of the Welsh hills or King Snowdon, to see what the otters have left; who boils him, and eats some of him, and then pickles him, and eats some more; and, in one way or another, gladdens her poor old heart with him; and gets thinking of her boy, who enlisted this twenty years ago, because he could not keep his hands off these dratted salmon, and who never came back from India. And, like some of us she thinks dimly that India is somewhat dear at the price; and then has another go-in at the pickled salmon.

Another five salmon to be accounted for? Why, yes. But unless, like the silent lady in the "Arabian Nights," one had the power of going into the sea without being drowned, we don't think we could account for them. We cannot help thinking that a great number of salmon which go to the sea never come back; even, as we have put it, to the stake-nets on the coast; that they are destroyed there somehow. We have put the average as five in twelve. That may be too high; but we have not done so without a certain degree of consideration. If our somewhat (as we allow) random assertion on this only provokes discussion, say in the *Field*, it will do good; and we will be the first to withdraw our theory when others show us that we have generalized from an insufficient number of facts. But we feel, at present, very much inclined to believe that a large number of salmon never reappear from deep water.

Of course legislation can do nothing here. The object of all legislation must be to let the salmon get in sufficient numbers up to their breeding-grounds, to protect them while they are depositing their spawn, to give the young salmon fair play; and, when we have done this, to "rest and be thankful." Let the kelts go to the deuce, if we can only get so much done. Don't let us fight too hard over spent fish, if we can get our rivers fairly open. Kelts are so exceedingly nasty that their nastiness will preserve them; only let the London magistrates watch Billingsgate, and see that your foul-feeding Frenchman don't get hold of them, and there will be no demand. Let all legislation tend towards the free passage of fish, and the protection of our breeding-grounds, and then let the spent fish go hang.

The breeding fish have been greatly assisted by making the sale of salmon ova illegal; this was formerly a great source of profit to the poachers in the upper waters. But the picturesque amusement of "salmon-spearing" by torch-light is now happily as illegal as the equally picturesque amusement of rick-burning.

This brings us to our thirdly. We have got to apply the lessons taught us by our firstly and secondly, and draw deductions. Let us briefly see what has been done for the three countries, and what remains to be done.

Scotland is so much the most important of the three countries, with regard to salmon, and has been so much the worst used, that we will take the other two first. England's necessity being greatest, we will begin with her. The Act of 1861, repealing no less

than thirty-three others, gives us these benefits. The annual close time is made 153 days; the weekly close time, during which the fish are absolutely free, 42 hours. Nets are made with meshes of eight inches; and, lastly, fixed engines are abolished, with the exception of such weirs as have been in use from immemorial time, or are held by grant or charter.

The most important provision is the last one. It entirely stops those plagues of Scotland, stake- and bag-nets. To give an instance of how it will act, take the Welsh Dee. In our youth the whole of the great estuary of that noble river was a cobweb of nets. One amusement of ours used to be to go out with the fishermen "across the sands of Dee," and actually *pick the salmon up*. All this is stopped now. The salmon have nothing now between them and the divine glen of Llangollen but the sewage of the great city of Chester. All they have got to do is to hold their noses and run for it, and they will find themselves among their cousins the grayling, at Corwen, before they know where they are; and may ultimately spend a profitable summer in the broad lake of Bala. Here is a change. We must have these weirs removed somehow, particularly one at Christchurch, in Hants; but we have got a very good Salmon Act; and possibly in twenty years or so, when the fish get to know of it, we may get some salmon. It was easy enough for us to get a good Act: there were no vested interests to contend against. It would be easy enough to get a bill through, prohibiting the sale of warming-pans in India. It was worth no one's while to make a fight about it. Things might be better, and couldn't be worse. If our Scotch brethren could get such a bill, they would, besides being able to let us kill fish at less than five pounds a piece, send us fish so cheap that even Mrs. Gamp would get as scornful of pickled salmon as she used to be of cold mutton. Why Scotland has not been able to get such an Act hitherto, we will say directly,

The miserable mismanagement of centuries cannot be mended in a day. Our Act has not produced much effect yet, though affairs look cheering. It is hardly likely that we shall ever have salmon in the upper waters of the Thames again, at all events for a long time: it is hard to believe that a salmon will ever again pass London. Still, a friend of ours, who we hope has many a good year of life and angling before him, has caught them below Maidenhead—before Brahma's invention. If they can once get to Teddington, they are safe. Lord Robert Montagu,

the other day, tried a trifle too much; which is a pity, because the object he had in hand was a most excellent one; we hope he will not let it drop. And we think the case about the pollution of rivers was a trifle overstated by some of the debaters. We can answer for it that three miles below the great town of Reading the water is pure enough, and the reach from Sonning to Shiplake is one of the best reaches on the river for fish. Take Marlow again. Almost in the very town itself begin those exquisitely limpid gravel shallows, swarming with great trout, from fifteen pounds downwards, the most fastidious of fish. Those who wish to believe in the pollution of the upper waters of the Thames should not go trout-fishing to Marlow. Marlow certainly returns two Tory Colonels to Parliament, but it is nonsense to assert that that accounts for the purity of the river, any more than it does for the purity of election in that borough.

By the law of 1862, Ireland gets of yearly close time 168 days; weekly close time 48 hours; the last being six hours more than England, and *twelve* more than good old Scotland, who is worth, with regard to salmon, the other two put together. With a vision of a possibly impatient reader and editor before us, we will confine ourselves to saying that, with regard to fixed engines of destruction, the Irish Act is (of course) a muddle, but is an improvement on what has gone before. Mr. Russel declines to meddle much with it. Mr. Patterson devotes many pages to it; which we honestly confess we have not mastered.

Lastly, we come to the state of the law as existing in Scotland. In Scotland, salmon are so abundant as to become of very great commercial value: and therefore legislation is exceedingly difficult on that very ground alone. To take a solitary instance,—the Duke of Richmond has, by putting down fixed nets at the mouth of the Spey, increased his rental from 6,000*l.* a year to 13,000*l.* The question is still more complicated by the fact that all property in salmon fisheries is derived from Crown grants (we assume from this that you may take salmon anywhere in Scotland, subject to the law of trespass and the imperial laws about close time and so on, where there is no grant), and that these grants have been most selfishly abused by the grantees, to the detriment of the upper holders of fishings. The Crown never made these grants on the understanding that fixed engines were to be used; this is most clearly proved. The Crown never thought of cutting off the sal-

mon hopelessly from their breeding-grounds; the Crown had too much brains under it to dream of such a piece of lunacy. But within the last forty years, the grantees of the Crown have invented certain kinds of fixed nets which do this most effectually. The whole business began on the Solway — an estuary which, through the jealousies of the two countries, was centuries ago made over to the Devil, and which he has managed with his usual dexterity and success; in which river a man struck down a stake-net and was making his fortune, until another man got struck with the brilliant idea of putting down another net below *him*. The first man, of course, came on the parish next week, and the second man was just congratulating himself when another man came and set a net below *him*, and put his pipe out. They all went to the workhouse (we hope — except the man lowest down on the river, who will go somewhere else if he don't mind); but the thing got wind, and at this present moment there are stake-nets on the east coast, fifty miles from the mouth of any river.

Now these stake-net men, the oldest of which sinners hasn't been there forty years, have the impudence to plead "prescription" — which is nonsense. Being troubled with a thing "forty years long" don't make prescription; there is Scripture for *that*, and that is a great fact in Scotland. But the

fact is that their fisheries are of considerable value, and there are widows and orphans depending for their bread on them; which is the very deuce and all. And again, these very villains of coast fishers are among the finest class in the British Isles — getting their bread where they see it, in an honest God-fearing way enough; so what can a man do? Legislation becomes very difficult. If it was an English question it would be easily enough managed, because there are not three dozen men in England who depend on salmon-fishing for their livelihood. If it was an Irish question it would be managed paternally, with more or less muddle, according to the time during which the manager had addled his brains by staying in that most incomprehensible island; but it is a Scotch question, and the Scotch must manage it for themselves. They have a pretty good idea of managing their own affairs, God speed them! But as an Englishman we must say that they must take care that nothing goes wrong with Meg Mucklebackit. Every Englishman has loved her, along with Ophelia and Virginia, since he was ten years old. Live and let live, you Scotch brothers of ours; but get rid of the stake-nets, and let us have salmon at a shilling a pound in February. Send us the salmon, and we will send you the cucumbers.

## PEACE.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

O LAND, of every land the best;  
O Land, whose glory shall increase;  
Now in your whitest raiment drest  
For the great festival of peace:

Take from your flag its folds of gloom,  
And let it float undimmed above,  
Till over all our vales shall bloom  
The sacred colors that we love.

On mountain height, and hill-top low,  
Set Freedom's beacon fires to burn;  
Until the midnight sky shall show  
A redder pathway than the morn.

Welcome, with shouts of joy and pride,  
Your veterans from the war-path's track;  
You gave your boys, untrained, untried;  
You bring them men and heroes back.

And shed no tear, though think you must  
With sorrow of the martyred band;  
Not even for him whose hallowed dust  
Has made our prairies holy land.

Though by the places where they fell,  
The places that are sacred ground,  
Death, like a sullen sentinel,  
Paces his everlasting round.

Yet when they set their country free,  
And gave her traitors fitting doom,  
They left their last great enemy,  
Baffled, beside an empty tomb.

Not there, but risen, redeemed, they go  
Where all the paths are sweet with flowers;  
They fought to give us peace; but lo!  
They gained a better peace than ours.

— Evening Post.

## PART II. — CHAPTER V. — THE PICNIC ON HOLY ISLAND.

FROM the day that Sir Brook made the acquaintance of Tom Lendrick and his sister, he determined he would "pitch his tent," as he called it, for some time at Killaloe. They had, so to say, captivated the old man. The young fellow, by his frank, open, manly nature, his ardent love of sport in every shape, his invariable good humour, and more than all these, by the unaffected simplicity of his character, had strongly interested him; while Lucy had made a far deeper impression by her gentleness, her refinement, an elegance in deportment that no teaching ever gives, and, along with these, a mind stored with thought and reflectiveness. Let us, however, be just to each, and own that her beauty and the marvellous fascination of her smile, gave her, even in that old man's eyes, an irresistible charm. It was a very long bygone, but he had once been in love, and the faint flicker of the memory had yet survived in his heart. It was just as likely Lucy bore no resemblance to her he had loved, but he fancied she did—he imagined that she was her very image. That was the smile, the glance, the tone, the gesture, which once had set his heart a-throbbing, and the illusion threw around her an immense fascination.

She liked him, too. Through all the strange incongruities of his character, his restless love of adventure and excitement, there ran a gentle liking for quite pleasures. He loved scenery passionately, and with a painter's taste for colour and form; he loved poetry, which he read with a wondrous charm of voice and intonation. Nor was it without its peculiar power, this homage of an old man, who rendered her the attentive service of a devoted admirer.

There is a very subtle flattering in the obsequious devotion of age to youth. It is, at least, an honest worship, an unselfish offering, and in this way the object of it may well feel proud of its tribute.

From the Vicar, Dr. Mills, Fossbrooke had learned the chief events of Dr. Lendrick's history, of his estrangement from his father, his fastidious retirement from the world, and last of all his narrow fortune, apparently now growing narrower, since within the last year he had withdrawn his son from the University on the score of its expense.

A gold-medallist and a scholar, Dr. Lendrick would have eagerly coveted such honours for his son. It was probably the one

triumph in life he would have set most store by, but Tom was one not made for collegiate successes. He had abilities, but they were not teachable qualities; he could pick up a certain amount of almost anything,—he could learn nothing. He could carry away from a chance conversation an amount of knowledge it had cost the talkers years to acquire, and yet, set him down regularly to work book-fashion, and either from want of energy, or concentration, or of that strong will which masters difficulties, just as a full current carries all before it—whichever of these was his defect—he arose from his task wearied, worn, but unadvanced.

When, therefore, his father would speak, as he sometimes did in confidence to the Vicar, in a tone of depression about Tom's deficiencies, the honest parson would feel perfectly lost in amazement at what he meant. To his eyes Tom Lendrick was a wonder, a prodigy. There was not a theme he could not talk on, and talk well too. "It was but the other day he told the chief engineer of the Shannon Company more about the geological formation of the river-basin than all his staff knew. Ay, and what's stranger," added the Vicar, "he understands the whole Colenso controversy better than I do myself." It is just possible that in the last panegyric there was nothing of exaggeration or excess. "And with all that, sir, his father goes on brooding over his neglected education, and foreshadowing the worst results from his ignorance."

"He is a fine fellow," said Fossbrooke, "but not to be compared with his sister."

"Not for mere looks, perhaps, nor for a graceful manner, and a winning address; but who would think of ranking Lucy's abilities with her brother's?"

"Not I," said Fossbrooke, boldly, "for I place hers far and away above them."

A sly twinkle of the Parson's eye showed to what class of advantages he ascribed the other's preference; but he said no more, and the controversy ended.

Every morning found Sir Brook at the Swan's Nest. He was fond of gardening, and had consummate taste in laying out ground, so that many pleasant surprises had been prepared for Dr. Lendrick's return. He drew, too, with great skill, and Lucy made considerable progress under his teaching; and as they grew more intimate, and she was not ashamed of the confession that she delighted in the Georgics of Virgil, they read whole hours together of those picturesque descriptions of rural life and its occupations, which are as true to nature at this hour as on the day they were written.

Perhaps the old man fancied that it was he who had suggested this intense appreciation of the poet. It is just possible that the young girl believed that she had reclaimed a wild, erratic, eccentric nature, and brought him back to the love of simple pleasures and a purer source of enjoyment. Whichever way the truth inclined, each was happy, each contented. And how fond are we all, of every age, of playing the missionary, of setting off into the savage districts of our neighbours' natures and combating their false idols, their superstitions and strange rites! The least adventurous and the least imaginative have these little outbursts of conversion. And all are more or less propagandists.

It was one morning, a bright and glorious one too, that while Tom and Lucy were yet at breakfast Sir Brook arrived and entered the breakfast-room.

"What a day for a gray hackle, in that dark pool under the larch trees!" cried Tom, as he saw him.

"What a day for a long walk to Mount Laurel!" said Lucy. "You said, to other morning, you wanted cloud effects on the upper lake. I'll show you splendid ones today."

"I'll promise you a full basket before four o'clock," broke in Tom.

"I'll promise you a full sketch-book," said Lucy, with one of her sweetest smiles.

"And I'm going to refuse both; for I have a plan of my own, and a plan not to be gainsaid."

"I know it. You want us to go to work on that fish pond. I'm certain it's that."

"No, Tom; it's the catalogue—the weary catalogue that he told me, as a punishment for not being able to find Machiavelli's Comedies last week, he'd make me sit down to on the first lovely morning that came."

"Better than those dreary Georgics, which remind one of school, and the third form. But what's your plan, Sir Brook? We have thought of all the projects that can terrify us, and you look as if it ought to be a terror."

"Mine is a plan for pleasure, and pleasure only; so pack up at once, and get ready. Trafford arrived this morning."

"Where is he? I am so glad! Where's Trafford?" cried Tom, delighted.

"I have despatched him with the Vicar and two well filled-hampers to Holy Island, where I mean that we shall all picnic. There's my plan."

"And a jolly plan, too! I adhere unconditionally."

"And you, Lucy, what do you say?"

asked Sir Brook, as the young girl stood with a look of some indecision and embarrassment.

"I don't say that it's not a very pleasant project, but"—

"But what, Lucy? Where's the but?"

She whispered a few words in his ear, and he cried out, "Isn't this too bad? She tells me Nicholas does not like all this gaiety; that Nicholas disapproves of our mode of life."

"No, Tom; I only said Nicholas thinks that papa would not like it."

"Couldn't we see Nicholas? Couldn't we have a commission to examine Nicholas?" asked Sir Brook, laughingly.

"I'll not be on it, that's all I know; for I should finish by chucking the witness into the Shannon. Come along, Lucy; don't let us lose this glorious morning. I'll get some lines and hooks together. Be sure you're ready when I come back."

As the door closed after him, Sir Brook drew near to Lucy where she stood in an attitude of doubt and hesitation. "I mustn't risk your good opinion of me rashly. If you really dislike this excursion, I will give it up," said he, in a low gentle voice.

"Dislike it? No; far from it. I suspect I would enjoy it more than any of you. My reluctance was simply on the ground that all this is so unlike the life we have been leading hitherto. Papa will surely disapprove of it. Oh, there comes Nicholas with a letter!" cried she, opening the sash-window. "Give it to me; it is from papa."

She broke the seal hurriedly, and ran rapidly over the lines. "Oh, yes! I will go now, and go with delight too. It is full of good news. He is to see grandpapa, if not to-morrow, the day after. He hopes all will be well. Papa knows your name, Sir Brook. He says, 'Ask your friend Sir Brook if he be any relative of a Sir Brook Fossbrooke who rescued Captain Langton some forty years ago from a Neapolitan prison. The print-shops were filled with his likeness when I was a boy.' Was he one of your family?" inquired she, looking up at him.

"I am the man," said he, calmly and coldly. "Langton was sentenced to the galleys for life for having struck the Count d'Acon across the face with his glove; and the Count was nephew to the King. They had him at Capri working in chains, and I landed with my yacht's crew and liberated him."

"What a daring thing to do!"

"Not so daring as you fancy. The guard

was surprised, and fled. It was only when reinforced that they showed fight. Our toughest enemies were the galley-slaves, who, when they discovered that we never meant to liberate them, attacked us with stones. This scar on my temple is a memorial of the affair."

"And Langton, what became of him?"

"He is now Lord Burrowfield. He gave me two fingers to shake the last time I met him at the Travellers."

"Oh, don't say that! Oh, don't tell me of such ingratitude!"

"My dear child, people usually regard gratitude as a debt, which, once acknowledged, is acquitted; and perhaps they are right. It makes all intercourse freer and less trammelled."

"Here comes Tom. May I tell him this story, or will you tell him yourself?"

"Not either, my dear Lucy. Your brother's blood is over-hot as it is. Let him not have any promptings to such exploits as these."

"But I may tell papa?"

"Just as well not, Lucy. There were scores of wild things attributed to me in those days. He may possibly remember some of them, and begin to suspect that his daughter might be in better company."

"How was it that you never told me of this exploit?" asked she, looking not without admiration at the hard stern features before her.

"My dear child, egotism is the besetting sin of old people, and even the most cautious lapse into it occasionally. Set me once a-talking of myself, all my prudence, all my reserve vanishes; so that as a measure of safety for my friends and myself too, I avoid the theme when I can. There! Tom is beckoning to us. Let us go to him at once."

Holy Island, or Inishcaltra, to give it its Irish name, is a wild spot, with little remarkable about it, save the ruins of seven churches and a curious well of fabulous depth. It was, however, a favourite spot with the Vicar, whose taste in localities was somehow always associated with some feature of festivity, the great merit of the present spot being that you could dine without any molestation from beggars. In such estimation, indeed, did he hold the class, that he seriously believed their craving importunity to be one of the chief reasons of dyspepsia, and was profoundly convinced that the presence of Lazarus at his gate counterbalanced many of the goods which fortune had bestowed upon Dives.

"Here we dine in real comfort," said he,

as he seated himself under the shelter of an ivy-covered wall, with a wide reach of the lake at his feet.

"When I come back from California with that million or two," said Tom, "I'll build a cottage here, where we can all come and dine continually."

"Let us keep the anniversary of the present day as a sort of foundation era," said the Vicar.

"I like everything that promises pleasure," said Sir Brook, "but I like to stipulate that we do not draw too long a bill on Fortune. Think how long a year is. This time twelvemonth, for example, you, my dear Doctor, may be a bishop, and not over inclined to these harmless levities. Tom there will be, as he hints, gold-crushing, at the end of the earth. Trafford, not improbably, ruling some rajah's kingdom in the far East. Of your destiny, fair Lucy, brightest of all, it is not for me to speak. Of my own it is not worth speaking."

"Nolo episcopari," said the Vicar; "pass me the madeira."

"You forget, perhaps, that is the phrase for accepting the mitre," said Sir Brook, laughing. "Bishops, like belles, say No when they mean Yes."

"And who told you that belles did?" broke in Lucy. "I am in a sad minority here, but I stand up for my sex."

"I repeat a popular prejudice, fair lady." "And Lucy will not have it that belles are as illogical as bishops? I see I was right in refusing the bench," said the Vicar.

"What bright boon of Fortune is Trafford meditating the rejection of?" said Sir Brook; and the young fellow's cheek grew crimson as he tried to laugh off the reply.

"Who made this salad?" cried Tom.

"It was I; who dares to question it?" said Lucy. "The Doctor has helped himself twice to it, and that test I take to be a certificate to character."

"I used to have some skill in dressing a salad, but I have foregone the practice for many a day; my culinary gift got me sent out of Austria in twenty-four hours. Oh, it's nothing that deserves the name of a story," said Sir Brook, as the others looked at him for an explanation. "It was as long ago as the year 1806. Sir Robert Adair had been our minister at Vienna, when, a rupture taking place between the two Governments, he was recalled. He did not, however, return to England, but continued to live as a private citizen at Vienna. Strangely enough, from the moment that our embassy ceased to be recognized

by the Government, our countrymen became objects of especial civility. I myself, amongst the rest, was the *bien-venu* in some of the great houses, and even invited by Count Cobourg Cohari to those *déjeûners* which he gave with such splendour at Maria Hülfe.

"At one of these, as a dish of salad was handed round, instead of eating it, like the others, I proceeded to make a very complicated dressing for it on my plate, calling for various condiments, and seasoning my mess in a most refined and ingenious manner. No sooner had I given the finishing touch to my great achievement when the Grand-duchess Sophia, who it seems had watched the whole performance, sent a servant round to beg that I would send her my plate. She accompanied the request with a little bow and a smile whose charm I can still recall. Whatever the reason, before I awoke next morning an agent of the police entered my room and informed me my passports were made out for Dresden, and that his orders were to give me the pleasure of his society till I crossed the frontier. There was no minister, no envoy to appeal to, and nothing left but to comply. They said Go, and I went."

"And all for a dish of salad!" cried the Vicar.

"All for the bright eyes of an Archduchess, rather," broke in Lucy, laughing.

The old man's grateful smile at the compliment to his gallantry showed how, even in a heart so world-worn, the vanity of youth survived.

"I declare it was very hard," said Tom — "precious hard."

"If you mean to give up the salad, so think I too," cried the Vicar.

"I'll be shot if I'd have gone," broke in Trafford.

"You'd probably have been shot if you had stayed," replied Tom.

"There are things we submit to in life, not because the penalty of resistance affrights us, but because we half acquiesce in their justice. You, for instance, Trafford, are well pleased to be here on leave, and enjoy yourself, as I take it, considerably; and yet the call of duty — some very commonplace duty, perhaps — would make you return to-morrow in all haste."

"Of course it would," said Lucy.

"I'm not so sure of it," murmured Trafford, sullenly; "I'd rather go into close arrest for a week than I'd lose this day here."

"Bravo! here's your health, Lionel," cried Tom. "I do like to hear a fellow say he is willing to pay the cost of what pleases him."

"I must preach wholesome doctrine, my young friends," broke in the Vicar. "Now that we have dined well, I would like to say a word on abstinence."

"You mean to take no coffee, Doctor, then?" asked Lucy, laughing.

"That I do, my sweet child — coffee and a pipe too, for I know you are tolerant of tobacco."

"I hope she is," said Tom, "or she'd have a poor time of it in the house with me."

"I'll put no coercion upon my tastes on this occasion, for I'll take a stroll through the ruins, and leave you to your wine," said she, rising.

They protested in a mass against her going. "We cannot lock the door, Lucy, *de facto*," said Sir Brook, "but we do it figuratively."

"And in that case I make my escape by the window," said she, springing through an old lancet-shaped orifice in the Abbey wall.

"There goes down the sun and leaves us but a gray twilight," said Sir Brook, mournfully, as he looked after her. "If there were only enough beauty on earth I verily believe we might dispense with parsons."

"Push me over the bird's-eye, and let me nourish myself till your millennium comes," said the Vicar.

"What a charming girl she is! her very beauty fades away before the graceful attraction of her manner!" whispered Sir Brook to the Doctor.

"Oh, if you but knew her as I do! If you but knew how, sacrificing all the spring-time of her bright youth, she has never had a thought save to make herself the companion of her poor father — a sad, depressed, sorrow-struck man, only rescued from despair by that companionship! I tell you, sir, there is more courage in submitting one's self to the nature of another than in facing a battery."

Sir Brook grasped the Parson's hand and shook it cordially. The action spoke more than any words. "And the brother, Doctor — what say you of the brother?" whispered he.

"One of those that the old adage says 'either makes the spoon or spoils the horn.' That's Master Tom there."

Low as the words were uttered they caught the sharp ears of him they spoke of, and with a laughing eye he cried out, "What's that evil prediction you're uttering about me, Doctor?"

"I am just telling Sir Brook here that it's pure head and tails how you turn out. There's stuff in you to make a hero, but it's

just as likely you'll stop short at a highway-man."

"I think I could guess which of the two would best suit the age we live in," said Tom, gaily. "Are we to have another bottle of that madeira, for I suspect I see the Doctor putting up the corkscrew?"

"You are to have no more wine than what's before you till you land me at the quay of Killaloe. When temperance means safety as well as forbearance, it's one of the first of virtues."

The Vicar, indeed, soon grew impatient to depart. Fine as the evening was then, it might change. There was a feeling, too, not of damp, but chilliness; at all events, he was averse to being on the water late, and as he was the great promoter of these little convivial gatherings, his word was law.

It is not so easy to explain how it happened that Trafford sat beside Lucy. Perhaps the trim of the boat required it; certainly, however, nothing required that the Vicar, who sat next Lucy on the other side, should fall fast asleep almost as soon as he set foot on board. Meanwhile, Sir Brook and Tom had engaged in an animated discussion as to the possibility of settling in Ireland as a man settles in some lone island in the Pacific, teaching the natives a few of the needs of civilization, and picking up a few convenient ways of theirs in turn; Sir Brook warming with the theme so far as to exclaim at last, "If I only had a few of those thousands left me which I lost, squandered, or gave away, I'd try the scheme, and you should be my lieutenant, Tom."

It was one of those projects, very pleasant in their way, where men can mingle the serious with the ludicrous — where actual wisdom may go hand in hand with downright absurdity; and so did they both understand it, mingling the very sagest reflections with projects the wildest and most eccentric. Their life, as they sketched it, was to be almost savage in freedom, untrammelled by all the tiresome conventionalities of the outer world, and at the same time offering such an example of contentedness and comfort as to shame the condition of all without the Pale.

They agreed that the Vicar must join them — he should be their Bishop. He might grumble a little at first about the want of hot plates or finger-glasses, but he would soon fall into their ways, and some native squaw would console him for the loss of Mrs. Brennan's housekeeping gifts.

And Trafford and Lucy all this time — what did they talk of? Did they, too, imagine a future and plan out a life-road in

company? Far too timid for that — they lingered over the past, each asking some trait of the other's childhood, eager to hear any little incident which might mark character or indicate temper. And at last they came down to the present — to the very hour they lived in, and laughingly wondered at the intimacy that had grown up between them. "Only twelve days to-morrow since we first met," said Lucy, and her colour rose as she said it, "and here we are talking away as if — as if" —

"As if what?" cried he, only by an effort suppressing her name as it rose to his lips.

"As if we knew each other for years. To me it seems the strangest thing in the world — I who have never had friendships or companionships. To you, I have no doubt, it is common enough."

"But it is not," cried he, eagerly. "Such fortune never befell me before. I have gone a good deal into life — seen scores of people in country-houses and the like; but I never met any one before I could speak to of myself, — I mean, that I had courage to tell — not that exactly — but that I wanted them to know I wasn't so bad a fellow — so reckless or so heartless as people thought me."

"And is that the character you bear?" said she, with, though not visible to him, a faint smile on her mouth.

"I think it's what my family would say of me, — I mean now, for once on a time I was a favourite at home."

"And why are you not still?"

"Because I was extravagant; because I went into debt; because I got very easily into scrapes, and very badly out of them — not dishonourably, mind; the scrapes I speak of were money troubles, and they brought me into collision with my governor. That was how it came about I was sent over here. They meant as a punishment what has turned out the greatest happiness of my life."

"How cold the water is," said Lucy, as, taking off her glove, she suffered her hand to dip in the water beside the boat.

"Deliciously cold," said he, as, plunging in his hand, he managed, as though by accident, to touch hers. She drew it rapidly away, however, and then, to prevent the conversation returning to its former channel, said aloud, "What are you laughing over so heartily, Sir Brook? You and Tom appear to have fallen upon a mine of drollery. Do share it with us."

"You shall hear it all one of these days, Lucy. Jog the doctor's arm now and wake him up, for I see the lights at the boathouse, and we shall soon be on shore."

"And sorry I am for it," muttered Trafford, in a whisper: "I wish this night could be drawn out to years."

## CHAPTER VI.

## WAITING ON.

ON the sixth day after Dr. Lendrick's arrival in Dublin—a fruitless journey so far as any hope of reconciliation was concerned—he resolved to return home. His friend Beattie, however, induced him to delay his departure to the next day, clinging to some small hope from a few words that had dropped from Sir William on that same morning. "Let me see you to-night, Doctor; I have a note to show you which I could not to-day with all these people about me." Now the people in question resolved themselves into one person, Lady Lendrick, who indeed bustled into the room and out of it, slammed doors and upset chairs in a fashion that might well have excused the exaggeration that converted her into a noun of multitude. A very warm altercation had occurred, too, in the Doctor's presence with reference to some letter from India, which Lady Lendrick was urging Sir William to reply to, but which he firmly declared he would not answer.

"How I am to treat a man subject to such attacks of temper, so easily provoked, and so incessantly irritated, is not clear to me. At all events I will see him to-night, and hear what he has to say to me. I am sure it has no concern with this letter from India." With these words Beattie induced his friend to defer his journey for another day.

It was a long and anxious day to poor Lendrick. It was not alone that he had to suffer the bitter disappointment of all his hopes of being received by his father and admitted to some gleam of future favour, but he had discovered that certain debts which he had believed long settled by the Judge were still outstanding against him, Lady Lendrick having interfered to prevent their payment, while she assured the creditors that if they had patience Dr. Lendrick would one day or other be in a position to acquit them. Between two and three thousand pounds thus hung over him of indebtedness above all his calculations, and equally above all his ability to meet.

"We thought you knew all this, Dr. Lendrick," said Mr. Hack, Sir William's agent; "we imagined you were a party to the arrangement, understanding that you were reluctant to bring these debts under the

Chief Baron's eyes, being moneys lent to your wife's relations."

"I believed that they were paid," was all his reply, for the story was a painful one of trust betrayed and confidence abused, and he did not desire to revive it. He had often been told that his step-mother was the real obstacle to all hope of reconciliation with his father, but that she had pushed her enmity to him to the extent of his ruin was more than he was prepared for. They had never met, but at one time letters had frequently passed between them. Hers were marvels of good wishes and kind intentions, dashed with certain melancholy reflections over some shadowy unknown something which had been the cause of his estrangement from his father, but which time and endurance might not impossibly diminish the bitterness of, though with very little hope of leading to a more amicable relation. She would assume, besides, occasionally a kind of companionship in sorrow, and, as though the confession had burst from her unawares, avow that Sir William's temper was more than human nature was called upon to submit to, and that years only added to those violent outbursts of passion which made the existence of all around him a perpetual martyrdom. These always wound up with some sweet congratulation on "Tom's good fortune in his life of peaceful retirement," and the "tranquil pleasures of that charming spot of which every one tells me such wonders, and which the hope of visiting is one of my most entrancing day-dreams." We give the passage textually, because it occurred without a change of a word thus in no less than five different letters.

This formal repetition of a phrase, and certain mistakes she made about the names of his children, first opened Lendrick's eyes as to the sincerity and affection of his correspondent, for he was the least suspicious of men, and regarded distrust as a disgrace to him who entertained it.

Over all these things now did he ponder during this long dreary day. He did not like to go out lest he should meet old acquaintances and be interrogated about his father, of whom he knew less than almost everyone. He shunned the tone of compassionate interest men met him with, and he dreaded even the old faces that reminded him of the past. He could not read; he tried, but could not. After a few minutes he found that his thoughts wandered off from the book and centered on his own concerns, till his head ached with the weary round of those difficulties which came ever back, and back, and back again, undiminish-

ed, unrelieved, and unsolved. The embarrassments of life are not, like chess problems, to be resolved by a skilful combination: they are to be encountered by temper, by patience, by daring, at one time; by submission at another; by a careful consideration of a man's own powers, and by a clear-sighted estimate of his neighbours; and all these exercised not beforehand, nor in retirement, but on the very field itself where the conflict is raging and the fight at its hottest.

It was late at night when Beattie returned home, and entered the study where Lendrick sat awaiting him. "I am very late, Tom," said he, as he threw himself into an arm-chair, like one fatigued and exhausted; "but it was impossible to get away. Never in all my life have I seen him so full of anecdote, so abounding in pleasant recollections, so ready-witted, and so brilliant. I declare to you that if I could but recite the things he said, or give them even with a faint semblance of the way he told them, it would be the most amusing page of bygone Irish history. It was a grand review of all the celebrated men whom he remembered in his youth, from the eccentric Lord Bristol, the Bishop of Down, to O'Connell and Shiel. Nor did his own self-estimate, high as it was, make the picture in which he figured less striking, nor less memorable his concluding words, as he said, 'These fellows are all on history, Beattie,—every man of them. There are statues to them in our highways, and men visit the spots that gave them birth; and here am I, second to none of them. Trinity College and the Four Courts will tell you if I speak in vanity; and here am I; and the only question about me is, when I intend to vacate the bench, when it will be my good pleasure to resign—they are not particular which—my judgeship or my life. But, sir, I mean not to do either; I mean to live and protest against the inferiority of the men around me, and the ingratitude of the country that does not know how to appreciate the one man of eminence it possesses.' I assure you, Tom, vain and insolent as the speech was, as I listened I thought it was neither. There was a haughty dignity about him, to which his noble head and his deep sonorous voice and his commanding look lent effect that overcame all thought of attributing to such a man any over-estimate of his powers."

"And this note that he wished to show you—what was it?"

"Oh, the note was a few lines written in an adjoining room by Balfour, the Viceroy's secretary. It seems that his Excellency,

finding all other seductions fail, thought of approaching your father through you."

"Through me! It was a bright inspiration."

"Yes; he sent Balfour to ask if the Chief Baron would feel gratified by the post of Hospital Inspector at the Cape being offered to you. It is worth eight hundred a-year, and a house."

"Well, what answer did he give?" asked Lendrick eagerly.

"He directed Balfour, who only saw Lady Lendrick, to reduce the proposal to writing. I don't fancy that the accomplished young gentleman exactly liked the task, but he did not care to refuse, and so he sat down and wrote one of the worst notes I ever read."

"Worst—in what way?"

"In every way. It was scarcely intelligible, without a previous knowledge of its contents, and so worded as to imply that when the Chief Baron had acceded to the proposal, he had so bound himself in gratitude to the Government that all honourable retreat was closed to him. I wish you saw your father's face when he read it. 'Beattie,' said he, 'I have no right to say Tom must refuse this offer; but if he should do so, I will make the document you see there be read in the House, and my name is not William Lendrick if it do not cost them more than that peerage they so insolently refused me. Go now and consult your friend; it was so he called you. If his wants are such that this place is of consequence to him, let him accept it. I shall not ask his reasons for whatever course he may take. My reply is already written, and to his Excellency in person.' This he said in a way to imply that its tone was one not remarkable for conciliation or courtesy.

"I thought the opportunity a favorable one to say that you were in town at the moment, that the accounts of his illness had brought you up, and that you were staying at my house.

"The sooner will you be able to communicate with him, sir," said he, haughtily."

"No more than that!"

"No more, except that he added, 'Remember, sir, his acceptance or his refusal is to be his own act, not to be intimated in any way to me, nor to come through me.'"

"This is unnecessary harshness," said Lendrick with a quivering lip; "there was no need to tell me how estranged we are from each other."

"I fancied I could detect a struggle with himself in all his sternness; and his hand trembled when I took it to say 'good-bye.'"

I was going to ask if you might not be permitted to see him, even for a brief moment; but I was afraid, lest in refusing he might make a reconciliation still more remote, and so I merely said, 'May I leave you those miniatures I showed you a few days ago?' His answer was, 'You may leave them, sir.'

"As I came down to the hall I met Lady Lendrick. She was in evening dress, going out, but had evidently waited to catch me as I passed."

"You find the Chief much better, don't you?" asked she. I bowed and assented. 'And he will be better still,' added she, 'when all these anxieties are over.' She saw that I did not or would not apprehend her meaning, and added, 'I mean about this resignation, which, of course, you will advise him to. The Government are really behaving so very well, so liberal, and withal so delicate. If they had been our own people I doubt if they would have shown anything like the same generosity.'

"I have heard nothing but the offer to Dr. Lendrick," said I.

"She seemed confused, and moved on; and then recovering herself, said, 'And a most handsome offer it is. I hope he thinks so.'

"With this we parted, and I believe now I have told you almost word for word everything that occurred concerning you."

"And what do *you* say to all this, Beattie?" asked Lendrick, in a half sad tone.

"I say that if in your place, Tom, I would accept. It may be that the Chief Baron will interpose and say, 'Don't go; or it may be that your readiness to work for your bread should conciliate him; he has long had the impression that you are indisposed to exertion, and too fond of your own ease.'"

"I know it—I know it; Lady Lendrick has intimated as much to me."

"At all events, you can make no mistake in entertaining the project, and certainly the offer is not to be despised."

"It is of him, and of him alone, I am thinking, Beattie. If he would let me see him, admit me once more on my old terms of affection, I would go anywhere, do anything that he counselled. Try, my dear friend, to bring this about; do your best for me, and remember I will subscribe to any terms, submit to anything, if he will only be reconciled to me."

"It will be hard if we cannot manage this somehow," said Beattie; "but now let us go to bed. It is past two o'clock. Good-night, Tom; sleep well, and don't dream of the Cape or the Caffres."

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE FOUNTAIN OF HONOUR.

THAT ancient and incongruous pile which goes by the name of the Castle in Dublin, and to which Irishmen very generally look as the well from which all honours and places flow, is not remarkable for either the splendour or space it affords to the inmates beneath its roof. Upheld by a great prestige perhaps, as in the case of certain distinguished people, who affect a humble exterior and very simple belongings, it may deem that its own transcendent importance has no need of accessories. Certainly the ugliness of its outside is in no way unbalanced by the meanness within; and even the very highest of those which claim its hospitality are lodged in no princely fashion.

In a corner of the old red brick quadrangle, to the right of the state-entrance, in a small room whose two narrow windows looked into a lane, sat a very well-dressed young gentleman at a writing-table. Short and disposed to roundness in face as well as figure, Mr. Cholmondely Balfour scarcely responded in appearance to his imposing name. Nature had not been as bountiful, perhaps, as Fortune; for while he was rich, well-born, and considerably gifted in abilities, his features were unmistakably common and vulgar, and all the aids of dress could not atone for the meanness in his general look. Had he simply accepted his image as a thing to be quietly borne and submitted to, the case might not have been so very bad; but he took it as something to be corrected, changed, and ameliorated, and the result was a perpetual struggle to make the most ordinary traits and commonplace features appear the impress of one on whom Nature had written gentleman. It would have been no easy task to have imposed on him in a question of his duty. He was the private secretary of the Viceroy, who was his maternal uncle. It would have been a tough task to have misled or deceived him in any matter open to his intelligence to examine; but upon this theme, there was not the inventor of a hair-wash, a skin-paste, a whisker-dye, or a pearl-powder, that might not have led him captive. A bishop might have found difficulty in getting audience of him—a barber might have entered unannounced; and while the lieutenant of a county sat waiting in the antechamber, the tailor, with a new waistcoat pattern, walked boldly into the august presence. Entering life by that *petite porte* of politics, an Irish office, he had conceived a very humble estimate of the people

amongst whom he was placed. Regarding his extradition from Whitehall and its precincts as a sort of probationary banishment, he felt, however, its necessity; and as naval men are accredited with two years of service for every one year on the coast of Africa, Mr. Balfour was aware that a grateful Government could equally recognize the devotion of him who gave some of the years of his youth to the Fernando Po of statecraft.

This impression being rarely personal in its consequences was not of much moment, but it was conjoined with a more serious error, which was to imagine that all rule and governance in Ireland should be carried on with a Machiavellian subtlety. The people, he had heard, were quick-witted; he must therefore out-manœuvre them. Jobbery had been, he was told, the ruin of Ireland; he would show its inefficiency by the superior skill with which he could wield its weapon. To be sure his office was a very minor one, its influence very restricted, but Mr. Balfour was ambitious; he was a Viceroy's nephew; he had sat four months in the House, from which he had been turned out on a petition. He had therefore social advantages to build on, abilities to display, and wrongs to avenge; and as a man too late for the train speculates during the day how how far on his road he might have been by this time or by that, so did Mr. Balfour continually keep reminding himself how, but for that confounded petition, he might now have been a Treasury this or a Board of Trade that—a corporal, in fact, in that great army whose commissioned officers are amongst the highest in Europe.

Let us now present him to our reader, as he lay back in his chair, and by a hand-bell summoned his messenger.

"I say, Watkins, when Clancy calls about those trousers show him in, and send some one over to the packet-office about the phosphorus blacking; you know we are on the last jar of it. If the Solicitor-General should come"—

"He is here, sir; he has been waiting these twenty minutes. I told him you were with his Excellency."

"So I was—so I always am," said he, throwing a half-smoked cigar into the fire. "Admit him."

A pale, careworn, anxious-looking man, whose face was not without traces of annoyance at the length of time he had been kept waiting, now entered and sat down.

"Just where we were yesterday, Pemberton," said Balfour, as he arose and stood with his back to the fire, the tails of his gorgeous dressing-gown hanging over his

arms. "Intractable as he ever was; he won't die, and he won't resign."

"His friends say he is perfectly willing to resign if you agree to his terms."

"That may be possible; the question is, What are his terms? Have you a precedent of a Chief Baron being raised to the peerage?"

"It's not, as I understand, the peerage he insists on; he inclines to a moneyed arrangement."

"We are too poor, Pemberton,—we are too poor. There's a deep gap in our customs this quarter. It's reduction we must think of, not outlay."

"If the changes are to be made," said the other, with a tone of impatience, "I certainly ought to be told at once, or I shall have no time left for my canvass."

"An Irish borough, Pemberton—an Irish borough requires so little," said Balfour, with a compassionate smile.

"Such is not the opinion over here, sir," said Pemberton, stiffly; "and I might even suggest some caution in saying it."

"Caution is the badge of all our tribe," said Balfour, with a burlesque gravity. "By the way, Pemberton, his Excellency is greatly disappointed at the issue of these Cork trials; why didn't you hang these fellows?"

"Juries can no more be coerced here than in England; they brought them in not guilty."

"We know all that, and we ask you why? There certainly was little room for doubt in the evidence."

"When you have lived longer in Ireland, Mr. Balfour, you will learn that there are other considerations in a trial than the testimony of the witnesses."

"That's exactly what I said to his Excellency; and I remarked, if Pemberton comes into the House, he must prepare for a sharp attack about these trials."

"And it is exactly to ascertain if I am to enter Parliament that I have come here to-day," said the other, angrily.

"Bring me the grateful tidings that the Lord Chief Baron has joined his illustrious predecessors in that distinguished court, I'll answer you in five minutes."

"Beattie declares he is better this morning. He says that he has in all probability years of life before him."

"There's nothing so hard to kill as a judge, except it be an archbishop. I believe a sedentary life does it; they say if a fellow will sit still and never move he may live to any age."

Pemberton took an impatient turn up and down the room, and then, wheeling

about directly in front of Balfour, said — "If his Excellency knew perhaps that I do not want the House of Commons" —

"Not want the House — not wish to be in Parliament?"

"Certainly not. If I enter the House it is as a law-officer of the Crown; personally, it is no object to me."

"I'll not tell him that, Pem. I'll keep your secret safe, for I tell you frankly it would ruin you to reveal it."

"It's no secret, sir; you may proclaim it — you may publish it in the 'Gazette.' But really we are wasting much valuable time here. It is now two o'clock, and I must go down to Court. I have only to say that if no arrangement be come to before this time to-morrow" — He stopped short. Another word might have committed him, but he pulled up in time.

"Well, what then?" asked Balfour, with a half smile.

"I have heard you pride yourself, Mr. Balfour," said the other, recovering, "on your skill in nice negotiation; why not try what you could do with the Chief Baron?"

"Are there women in the family?" said Balfour, caressing his mustache.

"No; only his wife."

"I've seen her," said he, contemptuously.

"He quarrelled with his only son, and has not spoken to him, I believe, for nigh thirty years, and the poor fellow is struggling on as a country doctor somewhere in the west."

"What if we were to propose to do something for him? Men are often not averse to see those assisted whom their own pride refuses to help."

"I scarcely suspect you'll acquire his gratitude that way."

"We don't want his gratitude, we want his place. I declare I think the idea a good one. There's a thing now at the Cape, an inspectorship of something — Hottentots or hospitals, I forget which. His Excellency asked to have the gift of it; what if we were to appoint this man?"

"Make the crier of his Court a Commissioner in Chancery, and Baron Lendrick will be more obliged to you," said Pemberton, with a sneer. "He is about the least forgiving man I ever knew or heard of."

"Where is this son of his to be found?"

"I saw him yesterday walking with Dr. Beattie. I have no doubt Beattie knows his address. But let me warn you once more against the inutility of the step you would take. I doubt if the old Judge would as much as thank you."

Balfour turned round to the glass and smiled sweetly at himself, as though to say that he had heard of some one who knew how to make these negotiations successful — a fellow of infinite readiness, a clever fellow, but withal one whose good looks and distinguished air left even his talents in the background.

"I think I'll call and see the Chief Baron myself," said he. "His Excellency sends twice a-day to inquire, and I'll take the opportunity to make him a visit — that is, if he will receive me."

"It is doubtful. At all events, let me give you one hint for your guidance. Neither let drop Mr. Attorneys' name nor mine in your conversation; avoid the mention of any one whose career might be influenced by the Baron's retirement; and talk of him less as a human being than as an institution that is destined to endure as long as the British constitution."

"I wish it was a woman — if it was only a woman I had to deal with, the whole affair might be deemed settled."

"If you should be able to do anything before the mail goes out to-night, perhaps you will inform me," said Pemberton, as he bowed and left the room. "And these are the men they send over here to administer the country!" muttered he, as he descended the stairs — "such are the intelligences that are to rule Ireland! Was it Voltaire who said there was nothing so inscrutable in all the ways of Providence as the miserable smallness of those creatures to whom the destiny of nations was committed."

Ruminating over this, he hastened on to a *nisi prius* case.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A PUZZLING COMMISSION.

As Colonel Cave re-entered his quarters after morning parade in the Royal Barracks of Dublin, he found the following letter, which the post had just delivered. It was headed, "Strictly Private," with three dashes under the words: —

"Holt-Trafford.

"MY DEAR COLONEL CAVE, — Sir Hugh is confined to bed with a severe attack of gout — the doctors call it flying gout. He suffers greatly, and his nerves are in a state of irritation that makes all attempt at writing impossible. This will be my apology for obtruding upon you, though perhaps the cause in which I write

might serve for excuse. We are in the deepest anxiety about Lionel. You are already aware how heavily his extravagance has cost us. His play-debts amounted to above ten thousand pounds, and all the cleverness of Mr. Joel has not been able to compromise with the tradespeople for less than as much more; nor are we yet done with demands from various quarters. It is not, however, of these that I desire to speak. Your kind offer to take him into your own regiment, and exercise the watchful supervision of a parent, has relieved us of much anxiety, and his own sincere affection for you is the strongest assurance we can have that the step has been a wise one. Our present uneasiness has, however, a deeper source than mere pecuniary embarrassment. The boy—he is very little more than a boy in years—has fallen in love, and gravely writes to his father for consent that he may marry. I assure you the shock brought back all Sir Hugh's most severe symptoms; and his left eye was attacked with an inflammation such as Dr. Gole says he never saw equalled. So far as the incoherency of his letter will permit us to guess, the girl is a person in a very humble condition of life, the daughter of a country doctor, of course without family or fortune. That he made her acquaintance by an accident, as he informs us, is also a reason to suppose that they are not people in society. The name, as well as I can decipher it, is Lendrich or Hendrich—neither very distinguished!

"Now, my dear Colonel, even to a second son, such an alliance would be perfectly intolerable—totally at variance with all his father's plans for him, and inconsistent with the station he should occupy. But there are other considerations—too sad ones, too melancholy indeed to be spoken of, except where the best interests of a family are to be regarded, which press upon us here. The last accounts of George from Madeira leave us scarcely a hope. The climate, from which so much was expected, has done nothing. The season has been unhappily most severe, and the doctors agree in declaring that the malady has not yielded in any respect. You will see, therefore, what a change any day may accomplish in Lionel's prospects, and how doubly important it is that he should contract no ties inconsistent with a station of no mean importance. Not that these considerations would weigh with Lionel in the least: he was always headstrong, rash, and self-willed; and if he were, or fancied that

he were, bound in honour to do a thing, I know well that all persuasions would be unavailing to prevent him. I cannot believe, however, that matters can have gone so far here. This acquaintanceship must be of the very shortest; and however designing and crafty such people may be, there will surely be some means of showing them that their designs are impracticable, and of a nature only to bring disappointment and disgrace upon themselves. That Sir Hugh would give his consent is totally out of the question—a thing not to be thought of for a moment; indeed I may tell you in confidence that his first thought on reading L.'s letter was to carry out a project to which George had already consented, and by which the entail should be cut off, and our third son, Harry, in that case would inherit. This will show you to what extent his indignation would carry him.

"Now what is to be done? for, really, it is but time lost in deploring when prompt action alone can save us. Do you know, or do you know any one who does know, these Hendrichs or Lendrichs—who are they, what are they? Are they people to whom I could write myself? or are they in that rank in life which would enable us to make some sort of compromise? Again, could you in any way obtain L.'s confidence and make him open his heart to you *first*? This is the more essential, because the moment he hears of anything like coercion or pressure his whole spirit will rise in resistance, and he will be totally unmanageable. You have perhaps more influence over him than any one else, and even your influence he would resent if he suspected any dominance.

"I am madly impatient to hear what you will suggest. Will it be to see these people? to reason with them? to explain to them the fruitlessness of what they are doing? Will it be to talk to the girl herself?

"My first thought was to send for Lionel, as his father was so ill, but on consideration I felt that a meeting between them might be the thing of all others to be avoided. Indeed, in Sir Hugh's present temper, I dare not think of the consequences.

"Might it be advisable to get Lionel attached to some foreign station? If so, I am sure I could manage it—only, would he go? there's the question—would he go? I am writing in such distress of mind, and so hurriedly too, that I really do not know what I have set down, and what I have omitted. I trust, however, there is enough

of this sad case before you to enable you to counsel me, or, what is much better, act for me. I wish I could send you L's letter; but Sir Hugh has put it away, and I cannot lay my hand on it. Its purport, however, was to obtain authority from us to approach this girl's relations as a suitor, and to show that his intentions were known to and concurred in by his family. The only gleam of hope in the epistle was his saying, 'I have not the slightest reason to believe she would accept me, but the approval of my friends will certainly give me the best chance.'

"Now, my dear Colonel, compassionate my anxiety, and write to me at once — something — anything. Write such a letter as Sir Hugh may see; and if you have anything secret or confidential, enclose it as a separate slip. Was it not unfortunate that we refused that Indian appointment for him? All this misery might have been averted. You may imagine how Sir Hugh feels this conduct the more bitterly, coming, as I may say, on the back of all his late indiscretions.

"Remember, finally, happen what may, this project must not go on. It is a question of the boy's whole future and life. To defy his father is to disinherit himself; and it is not impossible that this might be the most effectual argument you could employ with these people who now seek to entangle him.

"I have certainly no reason to love Ireland. It was there that my cousin Cornwallis married that dreadful creature who is now suing him for cruelty, and exposing the family throughout England.

"Sir Hugh gave directions last week about lodging the purchase-money for his company, but he wrote a few lines to Cox's last night — to what purport I cannot say — not impossibly to countermand it. What affliction all this is!"

As Colonel Cave read over this letter for a second time, he was not without misgivings about the even small share to which he had contributed in this difficulty. It was evidently during the short leave he had granted that this acquaintanceship had been formed; and Fossbrooke's companionship was the very last thing in the world to deter a young and ardent fellow from anything

high-flown or romantic. "I ought never to have thrown them together," muttered he, as he walked his room in doubt and deliberation.

He rang his bell and sent for the Adjutant. "Where's Trafford?" asked he.

"You gave him three days' leave yesterday, sir. He's gone down to that fishing village where he went before."

"Confound the place! Send for him at once — telegraph. No — let us see — his leave is up to-morrow?" "The next day at ten he was to report."

"His father is ill — an attack of gout," muttered the Colonel, to give some colour to his agitated manner. "But it is better, perhaps, not to alarm him. The seizure seems passing off."

"He said something about asking for a longer term; he wants a fortnight, I think. The season is just beginning now."

"He shall not have it, sir. Take good care to warn him not to apply. It will breed discontent in the regiment to see a young fellow who has not been a year with us obtain a leave every ten or fifteen days."

"If it were any other than Trafford, there would be plenty of grumbling. But he is such a favourite!"

"I don't know that a worse accident could befall any man. Many a fine fellow has been taught selfishness by the over-estimate others have formed of him. See that you keep him to his duty, and that he is to look for no favouritism."

The Colonel did not well know why he said this, nor did he stop to think what might come of it. It smacked, to his mind, however, of something prompt, active, and energetic.

His next move was to write a short note to Lady Trafford, acknowledging hers, and saying that Lionel being absent — he did not add where — nothing could be done till he should see him. "On to-morrow — next day at farthest — I will report progress. I cannot believe the case to be so serious as you suppose: at all events, count upon me."

"Stay!" cried he to the Adjutant, who stood in the window awaiting further instructions; "on second thoughts, do telegraph. Say, 'Return at once.' This will prepare him for something."

## RESIGNED.

WHEN my weary spinning's done,  
And the shades of eve grow deep,  
And by the bright hearthstone  
The old folk sit asleep;  
My heart and I in secret talk, when none can  
see me weep.

Oftimes the driving rain,  
And sometimes the silent snow,  
Beat on the window-pane,  
And mingle sad and low  
With the hopes and fears, the smiles and tears,  
of a time long, long ago;

Till they act the tales they tell,  
And a step is on the floor,  
And a voice I once loved well  
Says, "Open me the door."  
Then I turn with a chill from the mocking wind,  
which whispers "Nevermore!" —

To the little whitewashed room  
In which my days are spent;  
And, journeying toward the tomb,  
My companions gray and bent,  
Who haply deem their grandchild's life not joy-  
ous, but content.

Ah me! for the suns not set,  
For the years not yet begun,  
For the days not numbered yet,  
And the work that must be done,  
Before the desert path is crossed, and the weary  
web is spun!

Like a beacon in the night,  
I see my first gray hair;  
And I scarce can tell aright  
If it is from age or care,  
For Time glides silent o'er my life, and leaves  
no landmark there.

But perchance 'tis for the best,  
And I must harder strive,  
If life is little blest,  
Then not for life to live,  
For though a heart has nought to take, it may  
have much to give.

And they are old and poor,  
And bread is hard to win,  
And a guest is at the door  
Who soon must enter in,  
And to keep his shadow from their hearth, I  
daily toil and spin.

My sorrow is their gain,  
And I show not by a tear  
How my solitude and pain  
Have bought their comfort dear,  
For the storm which wrecked my life's best  
hope has left me stranded here.

But I hear the neighbours say  
That the hour-glass runs too fast,  
And I know that in that glad day,  
When toil and sorrow are past,  
The false and true shall receive their due, and  
hearts cease aching at last.

— *Chambers' Journal.*

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE UNSATIS-  
FIED HEART.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

WHEN in a May-day hush  
Chanteth the mistle-thrush,  
The harp o' the heart makes answer with mur-  
murous stirs;  
If robin redbreast sing,  
We chide the tardy spring,  
And culvers, when they coo, are love's remem-  
brancers.

But thou, in the trance of light,  
Stayest the feeding night,  
And Echo makes sweet her lips with the utter-  
ance wise,  
And cast at our glad feet,  
In a wisp of fancies sweet,  
Life's fair, life's unfulfilled, impassioned pro-  
phecies.

Her central thought right well  
Thou hast the wit to tell,  
To take the sense o' the dark and to yield it so,  
The moral of moonlight  
To set in a cadence bright,  
And tell our loftiest dream that we thought  
none did know.

I have no nest as thou,  
Bird on the blossoming bough,  
Yet over thy tongue outfloweth the song o' my  
soul,  
Chanting, "Forbear thy strife,  
The spirit out-acts the life,  
And much is seldom theirs who can perceive  
THE WHOLE.

Thou drawest a perfect lot,  
All thine, but, holden not,  
Lie low at the feet of beauty that ever shall  
bide;  
There might be sorer smart  
Than thine, far-seeing heart,  
Whose fate is still to yearn and not be satisfied."  
— *Good Words.*

From the Spectator, 1st July.

#### PRIVILEGE IN AMERICA.

DEMOCRACY in America, it is becoming evident, has to pass through one more trial. It has come victorious out of a war which would have crushed any European monarchy except the British, and has overcome a rebellion before which even Great Britain might possibly have succumbed. It has secured by four years of desperate effort, during which it has had to discover the men who can organize force as well as to develop the force itself, the control of a continent and the emancipation of a race, and now it has to accomplish a feat greater even than these. Our American friends will listen with annoyed incredulity when we describe the task yet remaining to be performed, but it is none the less one which will test their trusted system far more than the struggle which they have won. That was a question of force, and even Tories like Sir Archibald Alison have long since conceded that a democracy, when it possesses force at all, possesses it in a nearly irresistible degree. Nothing can withstand millions of freemen, when all are willing to sacrifice all rather than the Republic should suffer a decline. But democracy has now to develop a quality indefinitely higher than force, a quality which democracies are apt to despise, which the American democracy avowedly does despise—the delicate and subtle statesmanship which can carry through a social revolution without destroying the bonds by which society exists. The Federal Government, victorious in war and not unsuccessful in diplomacy, able to place a million of men in the field and to keep six hundred armed vessels engaged in a blockade—that, the strangest fact of the war, has almost escaped attention—has now, when resistance has apparently ceased, to change eleven oligarchical States into eleven democratic and free republics, and every mail which arrives displays more clearly the difficulty of the task. In eleven States, all faithful or submissive to the Union, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, Louisiana, and Texas, there is a silent struggle going on, nominally as to the position of the negro, really as to the question, old as civilization, whether the basis of society is to be equality or privilege. Equality of legal rights is the strength of the North, yet it is unwilling to establish it in the South by force; privilege is the passion of the South, and though

defeated in the great struggle for its final recognition as the key-stone of society, it cannot bear to surrender the long-enjoyed possession. Privilege therefore in some shape the "South"—by which we in this instance mean all recently slaveholding States—is determined to retain. In Virginia the masters, with the fine instinct of capital for its immediate interests, have combined to fix the rate of wages for coloured men at five dollars a month, just one-third the hiring price of slaves, and about one-fourth the rate which the coloured men, if free to work or be idle, would be willing to accept. In Tennessee, which has regained its restricted independence, the Legislature has deprived the blacks of the special right of freemen, that of bearing witness, and has imposed a special penalty on rape if committed by the inferior colour. In Louisiana the white is privileged to do nothing, while the black, even if he prefers to starve, must work under somebody's orders; in North Carolina the free schools are restricted to whites; in Arkansas and some other States the free locomotion of blacks is forbidden, and in all political power is confined not to property, or education, or even ancient birth, but to men whose skins are devoid of a shade of the detested colour. Many of these rules are in themselves, as temporary rules, defensible, and probably all deserve less opprobrium than freemen will be disposed to believe. We are not prepared to contend for a negro suffrage except upon the simple ground of necessity—though that ground is unassailable—or to condemn any community for passing severe vagrant laws. The masters in the Staffordshire iron trade tried the other day to insist on a rate of wages, and the difficulty about the schools has shaken Belgium and Ireland. Even as to the law about evidence there is something to be said in palliation. Apart altogether from morals, all races are not truthful alike, and only one can as yet report facts without either wilful distortion, or prejudice, or an unconscious colour. An English gentleman, or an English workman of strong religious feelings, can, when he tries very hard, report facts exactly as they occurred, and he is, so far as we know, the only human being who can. Had the negro's evidence been admitted only *quantum valeat*, and the white entitled for twenty years to a majority of the jury, justice might not have suffered, though equality would. But all these laws, and general orders, and suggestions for laws, and practices having the force of laws, are based on

the same idea, namely, privilege—the right of the white man to a higher legal position than the coloured man by reason of his whiteness, and if privilege is to exist Republican society must cease. It does not matter much whether the individual planter is to control the individual negro, or the aggregate planter community is to rule the life of aggregate negroedom, the result in either case is an oligarchical system, tolerable, it may be, in itself, though in our eyes detestable, but, tolerable or intolerable, inconsistent with society as it intends, consciously intends, to exist in North America.

It is absolutely essential to construct a system under which two races differing widely in civilization, in physical power, in those tendencies which spring of race, and those desires which arise from cultivation, shall live together, if not in amity, at least in mutual respect. How is the necessity to be met? Let the Government, says the American Radical, and the English Liberal, and the Anglo-Indian, enforce for a series of years equal and somewhat stern justice, and the end will be attained, as it is in Ireland between Catholics and Protestants, in Russia between serfs and nobles, in India between natives and settlers. Men, however prejudiced, always submit at last pretty placidly to justice if backed by force, and a white cannot hate a quadroon harder than a Graham of the Debatable Land once hated an Eliot or a Scott. But how if the Government will not fulfil the condition, cannot be relied on always to do justice, can never be trusted to make its justice visible to the weaker side? Government in the United States for all political purposes means the individual State, and the individual State is obviously not prepared to be just, is rather prepared to be unjust as far as it can and dare. The States left to themselves will not make the two classes equal in rights, and yet without equality there is no chance of that decent acquiescence in each other's claim which is essential to freedom; the white will use force, as he did a month since in Washington, to enforce his claims; the black will mutiny, as he did a fortnight since on the transports, to resist a dreaded demand. There will either be an internecine civil war fatal to that civilization which to men of the nineteenth century is almost as valuable as freedom, or a submission which will restore slavery in all but name. It is all very well to talk of compromise, of the influence of discussion, and of opinion, but as matter of fact these processes, though possi-

bly certain, are too slow for human endurance. A thousand years have not cured the royal caste of the belief that they reign by some divine right, two thousand have scarcely sufficed to remove the antipathy to the Jews, five thousand have not induced Asiatics and Europeans to recognize each other as absolutely equal before God, entitled to the same laws, protected by the same rule of right. The object is to secure the end now, within human lifetime, and it is clear that the dominant class in the Eleven States will not willingly consent to secure it, will not of its own free choice leave the negro alone to develop into a Toussaint, or sink into an Indian as his capacity may lead.

If the dominant race is to decide without intervention privilege is re-established, the war, with its fearful expenditure of blood and treasure and energy, will have been waged in vain, and the Union must sooner or later be again assailed by a competing civilization. We do not therefore wonder that shrewd Americans, perceiving this, are splitting into three camps of opinion, fighting for three different schemes of polity. One section would permit, perhaps would welcome, the result they perceive at hand, but the section is small, and to our readers at least not worthy of very careful exposure. The others are two branches of one great party which is resolved to prevent the re-establishment of privilege, but being resolved, has split upon the policy by which its resolve is to be attained. The individual State, the Republicans clearly perceive, must either be coerced into doing the necessary impartial justice, or made to see that it is for its interest to do it,—must in fact either be placed under the Federal power, *i. e.*, in party phrase, under "military control," or must be induced to establish negro suffrage. Under the former plan, which is, we regret to perceive, slightly gaining ground, being not only much the quicker, but supported by the negroes themselves, external justice would be secured, but at the certain cost of State rights which are of doubtful value, and the possible risk of freedom, which is simply invaluable. Under the second scheme justice would be secured from within, the rulers seeing it done not because they love justice, but because they must conciliate the men whose votes can turn the scale for or against themselves. Without external pressure applied in one of these two modes the Eleven States, as they revive and recover their internal independence, will re-establish the ancient system, modified only by restrictions on the di-

vision of families, by a right to bare maintenance in cash instead of in kind, and by a restricted privilege of transfer from one estate to another. Those changes are gains to the negro, but they leave the grand structure of privilege untouched, and allow society in the South to reconstruct itself on the basis of the right of a dominant caste to rule the legally subordinated masses, that is, on a scheme which in a few years must inevitably conflict once more with the scheme on which North American society is and will continue based.

From the Saturday Review.

#### THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE BY LAND.\*

THE title of this very remarkable joint description of a really notable adventure is not without its significance. In exploring a practicable route across British North America, which may hereafter connect the gold-fields of British Columbia with the settled territories to the east of the Rocky Mountains, Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle have performed a far more valuable and practical feat than if they had climbed and crawled over a dozen new Alpine Cols; and they are wise in pointing the moral of their tale on the back of the volume. The individual heroism, and the national expenditure of wealth, skill, and lives, which have given a vivid interest to the discovery of the North-West Passage by sea, have but succeeded in showing that it must necessarily be useless as a line of commercial communication. Until the conditions of the globe are altered, European merchantmen will never steer for China and Japan through the Straits of Davis and Behring. But when the pioneering feet of Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle have been followed across the Rocky Mountains by the surveyor and the navy, and a railway is constructed from Halifax to some point on the coast of British Columbia, the whole distance from Hong-Kong to Southampton will be capable of accomplishment (according to Lord Milton's calculation) in thirty-six days, or from fifteen to twenty days less than by the present overland route by Suez. The United-States Congress has already granted a subsidy for the establishment of a line of steamers between Hong-Kong and San Francisco. Sooner or later it will be recognized as important for

\* *The North-West Passage by Land.* By Viscount Milton and Dr. Cheadle. London: Cassell, Petter, & Galpin. 1866.

British interests in North America, if not in Great Britain, that our colonies and ourselves should not be absolutely dependent upon our powerful cousins for the only continuous highway between the Pacific and Atlantic oceans. Meanwhile, a free and regular communication between the eastern and western sides of the Rocky Mountains of British America is obviously already an appreciable want, and one of daily growing magnitude. The fertile valley of the Saskatchewan must sooner or later, in the natural course of events, be thrown open to, and feed with its produce, the population of the Columbian mineral fields; and the time for its performance of this function would seem, in the natural course of events, already to have come. Its old use as a hunting-ground has gone by for ever. The buffaloes on the prairie and the fish of the lakes have become so difficult and scarce a prey, as to render it impossible for the hunter to rely on them alone for his maintenance during the winter. The virgin prairie, which was wont to fatten the buffalo, must grow the corn and fatten the tamer herds that are bound to succeed him. The farmer must supersede the hunter, and the sooner and more widely the better. Forty millions of acres of the richest soil, capable of supporting some twenty millions of people, lie open to his enterprise, as soon as the powers that be, or that shall be, will make him a road over which he can carry his wagon and his plough to the field of his labours, and his produce from it. The experience of Lord Milton's party, which in the summer of 1863 found, or rather forced, its way with horses and other encumbrances across the Tête Jaune Pass, from Edmonton on the Saskatchewan to Kamloops on the Thompson River in British Columbia (the latter half of three months' journey through primeval and trackless forest), shows that no serious engineering difficulties can lie in the way of constructing a passable road. The pluck and energy which characterized the carrying out of this highly adventurous expedition were as creditable as the practical spirit in which it was conceived, and as the graceful and modest humour with which it is told in the volume before us.

In July, 1862, Lord Milton, two English friends, and an American retriever, left the out-settlements of Minnesota, to make their way to Fort Garry on the Red River in a couple of leaky birchbark canoes. Of all the unforeseen pieces of good fortune for which the authors of this work have a right to be grateful, perhaps the most important of all lay in their not having timed their departure a fortnight later; in which case they

would almost infallibly have been murdered by the Sioux Indians in their general massacre of the white settlers in that part of Minnesota. Lord Milton's very retriever may be said to have escaped by the skin of his teeth, as the family which had reluctantly sold him to Lord Milton for a high price were among the victims. Vague rumours of the temper of the Indian tribes were afloat when the Englishmen started on their boat journey of five hundred miles down the Red River, which runs through the districts of the Sioux and Assiniboines; but it was not till long afterwards that Lord Milton and his friends were aware of the gravity of the risks they had run. One day of canoe-life, paddling, floating, duck-shooting, picnicking, and bivouacking, was charming enough. But with the first night came the mosquitoes; and after a few days the routine of cooking, chopping, loading and unloading canoes, paddling, and shooting, down a deep-channelled river of unvarying sameness, began to grow rather tiresome. Even the novelty of being thrice soaked through in three successive nights of thunder-storm palled upon the voyagers, and after sixteen days' paddling they were glad enough to be picked up by the steamer on its way to Fort Garry, the Red River settlement of the Hudson Bay Company. The season was too far advanced for crossing the Rocky Mountains before the arrival of winter, which Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle resolved to pass at some convenient point on the Saskatchewan, enjoying the varieties of autumn and winter sporting. Horses, stores, leather-hunting shirts and mocassins, and half-bred trappers, were provided at Fort Garry. Lord Milton gives a sensible piece of advice to all sportsmen who may follow him, if they wish to see wild life in all phases and rough it through the winter; to eschew the rifle, and be content with a double-barrelled smooth-bore that will carry ball. Where a dog-sleigh is the only carriage over the snow, every pound of weight in the baggage is a consideration, and a gun packed on a sleigh runs great risk of being bent or broken. In the woods the hunter must carry both baggage and provisions on his own back. The feathered game give a less scarce and uncertain supply of food for the hunter than the larger animals, and even the best marksman must be prepared for deliberate potshooting if he would not waste his powder or starve. For a range of sixty to eighty yards a good smooth-bore will carry ball accurately enough, and Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle generally found it possible to get within that distance of the larger game.

The earlier chapters of the volume are filled with the ordinary staple of travellers' entertainments in a rough country. There is the *noce*, or wedding festivity, among some relatives of one of the half-bred trappers, at which our authors were of course honoured guests. There is the natural drunken fit of the best among the trappers, justified by the notorious excuse that it is not often he does such things, but when he does he does them handsomely:—"Je boive pas souvent, messieurs, mais quand je boive, je boive comme il faut, c'est ma façon, voyez-vous." Buffaloes were hunted and shot, and wolves shot at, with varying success and unvarying energy. A visit from a camp of wandering Cree Indians brought, with it a serious risk of losing all the horses of the party by theft, had not the Englishmen by a judicious double, favoured by a high wind following on a dense fog, thrown the savages off their trail. The carelessness of once promising an old Indian a small present of rum subjected our travellers to the usual annoyances of uncivilized importunity, as long as the stock of fire-water was known to last. The approach of winter brought its first lesson in the art of building a block-house on the banks of the lake of La Belle Prairie, eighty miles from the nearest settlement, Fort Carlton. The native hunters were the architects of the building, while Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle engineered the chimney. From November to March the main employment of a party sojourning on the prairie consists in trapping the furred animals and attempting to countermine the ingenious machinations of the trapper's faithful follower and worst enemy, the wolverine or "sacré carcajou." The Indians have dignified this most subtle of the beasts of the frozen field with the title of Kekwaharkess, or the Evil One. Wherever he finds the trapper's trail he follows it up till he comes upon the traps, from which he steals the bait by a felonious entry at the back, or the animal taken if the trap has fallen. When once established in the trapper's neighbourhood, he will visit and despoil the whole line of traps with mischievous accuracy, unless, indeed, some of the baits are poisoned. In this case, the wolverine either leaves untouched every trap that has a suspicious taint, or (as was the case with some small poisoned meat-balls delicately prepared by Dr. Cheadle in the hope that the animal would bolt the pill without discovering the strychnine) bites the doubtful baits in two and rejects them. The severest cold experienced by Lord Milton's party in this winter was 38° below zero. It is something to

learn that odours may be frozen up, like the tunes of Baron Munchausen's posthorn.

When April came, "and the skunkskin which served us as a weather-glass informed us, though our noses, that the thaw was at hand," the Englishmen lost no time in breaking up from their winter quarters and starting in the direction of the Rocky Mountains, by Fort Pitt and Edmonton, the most westerly settlement of the Hudson's Bay Company on the North Saskatchewan. They were now under the joint guidance of two half-bred hunters, one of whom carried with him his wife and a son of thirteen. Lord Milton and the doctor objected strongly to the plan of a family party, as being likely to hamper their movements; but they now own that when the single hunter had deserted them, without warning, this arrangement was, after all, the main cause of the preservation of their lives. But for the presence of his wife and boy, the married hunter would probably have deserted them too. At Edmonton they good-naturedly encumbered themselves with another travelling-companion, a middle-aged Irish clergyman, who but for their opportune passage might have been at Edmonton now, if his powers of adaption to circumstances are not grievously belied. We must say that Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle have taken rather a cruel revenge upon the unhandiness, incapability, and general uselessness of the Rev. Mr. O'B., by photographing him with such amusing vividness.

He is to this volume what the dolorous valet of Lord Dufferin is to *Letters from High Latitudes* — a valuable element of comic melancholy, when looked at in a literary point of view. But in actual experience his peculiarities must have been far more inconvenient and intolerable. A companion who is troubled with a never-ending succession of ghastly presentiments is not desirable at the best of times, and less and less so as the circumstances become more gloomy. A combination of this tendency with utter helplessness, as well as with the most childish and selfish timidity, was certainly enough to tire out the patience of Mr. O'B.'s fellow-travellers during three months of risk and severe hardship. Even the social merits of being always ready to smoke a short pipe, or to produce an appropriate Latin quotation about the horrors and dangers of the journey, must have been a poor compensation for the faculty of always being in trouble and never trying to help himself out of it. Whenever a horse wanted loading, catching, helping out of a bog or through an obstruction of timber, Mr. O'B. was invari-

ably missing, and was generally found "hidden in the bushes, quietly smoking his pipe, and diligently studying the last remnant of his library — *Paley's Evidences of Christianity*." In spite of all remonstrance, he would march the last of the party, frequently lagged behind so as to get out of sight, and then would sit down on a stump and bawl till somebody came back to him. When the others had been working for some time with frantic energy to save their horses and baggage from a prairie fire, Mr. O'B. came at last to put it out with a half-pint mug. He was always drowning, always on the point of being devoured by grisly bears, always the destined victim of a murder to be committed by the half-bred guide, always out of boots or provisions or tobacco, always self-satisfied, and always prodigal of the best advice. When the second horse had been shot, to keep the party from starvation —

Mr. O'B., who, it is only justice to say, had improved vastly under his severe trials, was now plunged in the depths of despair. He confided to us that he loathed Paley, whom he looked upon as a special pleader; that his faith was sapped to its foundations, and — *curis ingentibus æger* — he was rapidly becoming insane, adding that he should have lost his wits long ago but for his book; and now, since he must be deprived of that consolation, there could be but one horrible result — madness. And, in truth, we had noticed a remarkable change during the last week. From being the most garrulous of men, he had lately become the most taciturn; and, although solemn and silent in company, he muttered to himself incessantly as he walked along. Revived, however, by a plentiful meal of fresh meat, he became more cheerful, took a more orthodox view of the *Evidences*; the one-eyed spectacles again stole on to his nose; Paley again came forth from the pocket of the clerical coat, and he was presently absorbed in theology once more.

Three or four days' later, when a beaten track had been struck after a month's wandering in the forest, Mr. O'B. "ventured to express a hope that we might escape after all, and offered his advice upon the course to be pursued in the happier time at hand." The most genuine service he ever did the party was the giving his M. B. waistcoat, to make up, with a saddle of Lord Milton's, the price of a bucketful of potatoes, bartered from the first Indian family met in British Columbia.

The route followed by Lord Milton's party over the Rocky Mountains is the Tête Jaune, or Leather Head Pass, which traverses in a direct westerly line from the

Athabasca or Elk River, to a fork of the Fraser River, in lat. 53°. The other known passes from the Saskatchewan into British Columbia lead far to the south of the gold-fields; while Lord Milton's line of exploration lay in the same latitude with Richfield and the Cariboo diggings, which he originally intended to make for.

After reaching Tête Jaune Cache, at the westerly end of the pass, this country between the Fraser and the gold-fields looked so impracticable that the Englishmen reluctantly changed their course, to follow the last year's trail of a party of emigrants, who had struck southward along the Thompson River. Before long they came on the signs of a large camp, where packsaddles and harness had been left, and trees cut down for rafts and canoes. A pencil inscription on a blazed tree told them this was the emigrant's "Slaughter Camp." No onward trail through the forest was to be found. The party they were following had given up the plan of cutting their way through the forest, to drop down the river to Kamloops. Lord Milton's council of war wisely determined to adhere to the slower and more toilsome alternative, though at this time they had not a week's full rations for the party, with at least a hundred miles of unknown forest country before them, which in fact they occupied a full month in struggling through. At Kamloops they learnt that many of the emigrants had perished in the grand rapids of the Thompson River, while the survivors had taken to the forest again, on the eastern bank of the stream, and arrived at the settlement in even worse plight than themselves. For fuller details of the journey we may safely recommend our readers to consult the letterpress and sketches of Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle. The following passage gives a vivid idea of the labyrinth through which they had to make their way for their lives, and without a clue:—

On the 31st of July we left Slaughter Camp in a pouring rain, and plunged into the pathless forest before us. We were at once brought up by the steep face of a hill which came down close to the water's edge. But the steepness of the path was not the greatest difficulty. No one who has not seen a primeval forest, where trees of gigantic size have grown and fallen undisturbed for ages, can form any idea of the collection of timber or the impenetrable character of such a region. There were pines and thujas of every size, the patriarch of 300 feet in height standing alone, or thickly clustering groups of young ones struggling for the vacant place of

some prostrate giant. The fallen trees lay piled around, forming barriers often six or eight feet high on every side; trunks of huge cedars, mossgrown and decayed, lay half-buried in the ground, on which others as mighty had recently fallen; trees still green and living, recently blown down, blocking the view with the walls of earth held in their matted roots; living trunks, dead trunks, rotten trunks; dry, barkless trunks, and trunks moist and green with moss; bare trunks and trunks with branches—prostrate, reclining, horizontal, propped up at different angles; timber of every size, in every stage of growth and decay, in every possible position, entangled in every possible combination. The swampy ground was densely covered with American dogwood, and elsewhere with thickets of the aralea, a tough-stemmed trailer, with leaves as large as those of the rhubarb plant, and growing in many places as high as our shoulders. Both stem and leaves are covered with sharp spines, which pierced our clothes as we forced our way through the tangled growth, and made the legs and hands of the pioneers scarlet, from the inflammation of myriads of punctures.

The Assiniboine went first with the axe, his wife went after him leading a horse, and the rest of the party followed, driving two or three horses apiece in single file. Mr. O'B. had by this time been trained to take charge of one pack animal, which he managed very well under favourable conditions.

It is satisfactory to find that the tone of the writers towards Mr. O'B. becomes more, and not less, tolerant as the volume approaches towards its end. They even feel bound to account for his not appearing in the photographed group of their frontispiece, by mentioning that when they returned to Victoria, after an intercalated trip to Cariboo, Mr. O'B. had departed, and so could not sit for his picture. "He had 'moved on' to San Francisco. When we arrived in that city, he had 'moved on' to Melbourne, Australia. From there he has probably 'moved on' to New Zealand, or again reached India, to circle round to England in due course, happy in any country free from wolves, grisly bears, and Assiniboines." We should be unwilling to breathe even a momentary suspicion that Mr. O'B. is, from his Paley to his M. B. waistcoat, an imaginary being, created for literary purposes. If he is, as we doubt not, a portrait sketched from life with that incisiveness of touch which is so well gained by a three months' close familiarity with personal idiosyncrasies in the midst of a howling wilderness, he is almost too good a child of nature to be true.

## RE-VISITED.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

READ AT "THE LAURELS," ON THE MERRIMAC,  
JUNE, 1865.

THE roll of drums and the bugle's wailing  
Vex the air of our vales no more;  
The spear is beaten to hooks of pruning,  
The share is the sword the soldier wore!

Sing soft, sing low, our lowland river,  
Under thy banks of laurel bloom,  
Softly and sweet, as the hour besemeth,  
Sing us the songs of peace and home.

Let all the tenderer voices of Nature  
Temper the triumph, and chasten mirth,  
Full of the infinite love and pity  
For fallen martyr and darkened hearth.

But to Him who gives us beauty for ashes,  
And the oil of joy for mourning long,  
Let thy hills give thanks, and all thy waters  
Break into jubilant waves of song!

Bring us the airs of hills and forests,  
The sweet aroma of birch and pine,  
Give us a waft of the north wind, laden  
With sweet-brier odors and breath of kine!

Bring us the purple of mountain sunsets,  
Shadows of clouds that rake the hills,  
The green repose of thy Plymouth meadows,  
The gleam and ripple of Campton rills.

Lead us away in shadow and sunshine,  
Slaves of fancy, through all thy miles,  
The winding ways of Pemigewasset,  
And Winnipisaukee's hundred isles.

Shatter in sunshine over thy ledges,  
Laugh in thy plunges from fall to fall;  
Play with thy fringes of elms, and darken  
Under the shade of the mountain wall.

The cradle song of thy hill-side fountains  
Here in thy glory and strength repeat;  
Give us a taste of the upland music,  
Show us the dance of thy silver feet.

Into thy dutiful life of uses  
Pour the music and weave the flowers;  
Let the song of birds and the bloom of meadows  
Lighten and gladden thy heart and ours.

Sing on! bring down, O lowland river,  
The joy of the hills to the waiting sea;  
The wealth of the vales, the pomp of moun-  
tains,  
The breath of the woodlands bear with thee.

Here, in the calm of thy seaward valley,  
Mirth and labor shall hold their truce;  
Dance of water and mill of grinding,  
Both are beauty and both are use.

Type of the North-land's strength and glory,  
Pride and hope of our home and race, —  
Freedom lending to rugged labor  
Tints of beauty and lines of grace!

Once again, O beautiful river,  
Hear our greetings and take our thanks;  
Hither we come as Eastern pilgrims  
Throng to the Jordan's sacred banks.

For though by the Master's feet untrodden,  
Though never his word has stilled thy waves,  
Well for us may thy shores be holy,  
With Christian altars and saintly graves.

And well may we own thy hint and token  
Of fairer valleys and streams than these,  
Where the rivers of God are full of water,  
And full of sap are his healing trees!

— Independent.

## "CON ESPRESSIONE."

MELODIOUS lady, still be singing!  
With notes impassioned ringing  
Wild changes on the deep according tones  
The tranced spirit owns, —  
Unheard harmonies, fraught with rare delight!

Sing on to-night!  
If e'er the time should come when thou  
Dost feel those moods thou feignest now,  
Wilt thou sing on?

Ah, trust me, lady, never try  
The art and the reality  
Blent in that overwhelming unison!

Nay, cease even now!  
For even now methinks I see,  
Within thy song, too much of thee!  
O woman of the mantling brow,  
Cease even now!

The piercing diction  
Of all thine eloquent fiction  
Let Echo rock to death,  
With every breath  
Of that so little nourishing applause  
The artist from the undiscerning draws;  
Ay, and the dear thanks of the finer few  
Who base the beautiful upon the true!  
Wilt thou put on, thou lady gay,  
Like any other festival-array,  
The living treasures of the soul itself? —

Wilt thou, for praise or pelf,  
Withdraw them from their inner shade,  
And flaunt withal in broad factitious glare? —  
Beware

Lest even so they fade!

Macmillan's Magazine.